Who Are the Racists?

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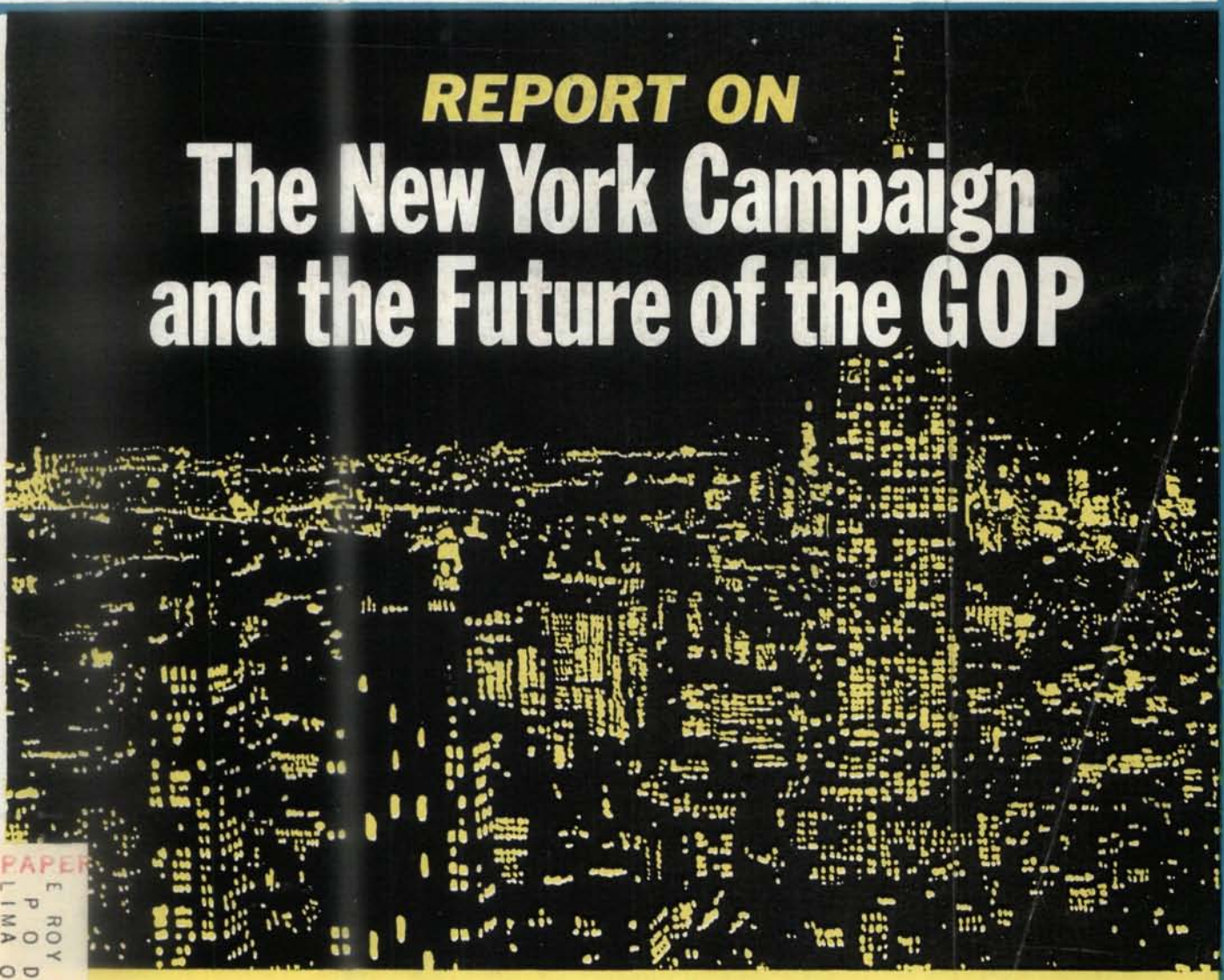
NOVEMBER 2, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion



REPORT ON
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In This Issue . . .

➔ we offer indiscriminately to one and all, the last of four special supplements on the New York mayoralty campaign, with which by special arrangement with the Conservative Party of New York and W. H. von Dreele we have been regaling the (expanding) local constituency. NATIONAL REVIEW will now fall silent, or comparatively silent, while the polls zoom and rocket and crash, approaching the fatal rendezvous with Destiny's Tot: on that day we shall vote Row D, as will or, failing local residency, *would* you. In the meantime, read "Harlem Is in New York City," p. 978, the text of a speech delivered by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** at the Third Anniversary Dinner of the Conservative Party, N.Y.

➔ Other self-designated Conservative parties, in New Jersey and Virginia, do not get our vote, nor that of **Edward J. Bell,** who relates how they are being run by fundamentalist zealots to imperil the chances of perfectly acceptable, small "c" conservative candidates, some of whom also happen to be Republicans. Mr. Bell, a recent graduate of Columbia University, has written for *NR* about campus protests there, and reapportionment in Connecticut. He has also published in *Report*. . . . **Thomas Molnar,** author of *Africa: A Political Travelogue,* was in Southern Rhodesia to witness the breakup of its Federation with its neighbors to the north, and the start of what then seemed its precarious decline. He revisited it recently and found it changed, for the better. . . . **Robert M. Hyatt,** a free-lance writer and roving reporter for the *Denver Post,* has been following the encroachment —the literal acre-by-acre encroachment—of the Federal Government upon the real estate of this nation. This is Mr. Hyatt's first appearance in *NR.*

➔ In his capacity as columnist, **William Buckley** reviews the strange career of Citizen Mailer, solipsist, so-so socialist, and conservative *malgré lui*. . . . **James Burnham** considers the axing of Brutus Coste, indispensable engine of the Assembly of Captive European Nations, and explores some of the reasons why as a realist living amid some of the State Department's favorite fictions, Coste had to go. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** gives a calm report on the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society and the passions engendered therein. (The Monolithic Right rides again.). . . And **Russell Kirk** recounts some of the delights of the World's Fair and will remember them well for the best of personal reasons.

➔ **Jeffrey Hart,** on European sabbatical from Dartmouth College, reviews Samuel Beer's one-eyed view of British collectivism. Mr. Hart's new book, *The American Dissent: A Decade of Modern Conservatism,* will be out in January and will be previewed *in brevo* in NATIONAL REVIEW's Tenth Anniversary issue. . . . **C. H. Simonds,** of the *Vincennes* (Ind.) *Sun-Commercial,* discovers a few ironies in the fame of popcult writer Tom Wolfe. . . . Another Wolfe, Bertram D., the historian, is reviewed, and seconded, by historian and political scholar **Max Geltman**. . . . And our Stakhanovite movie critic, **Richard Hodgens,** takes on seven of the season's latest, and reserves to some six of the best. ➔

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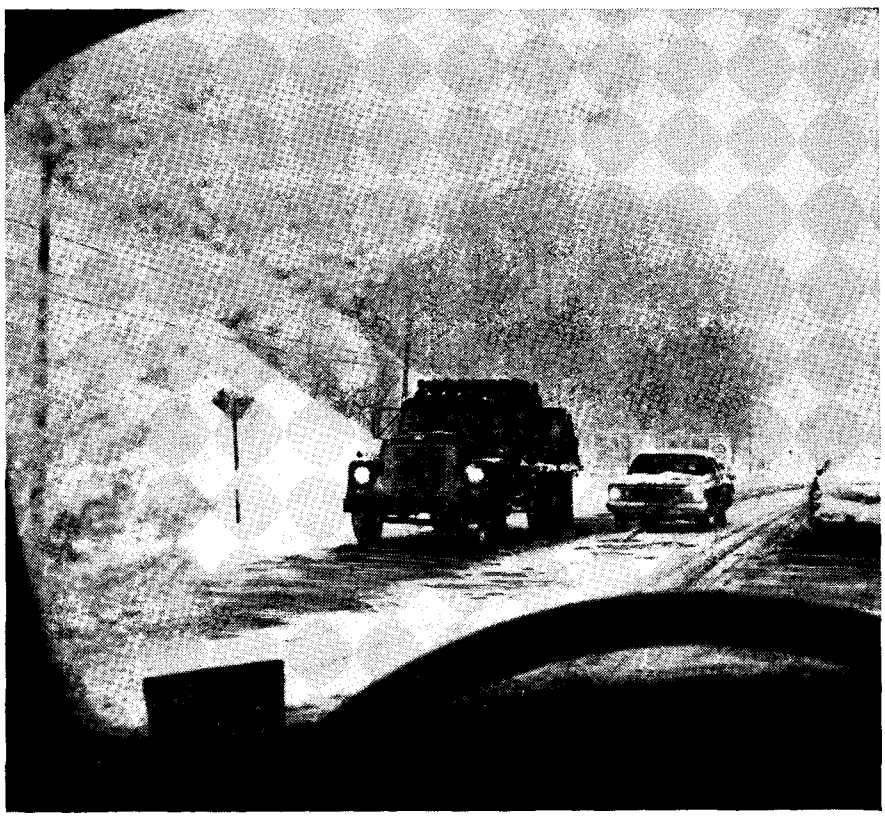

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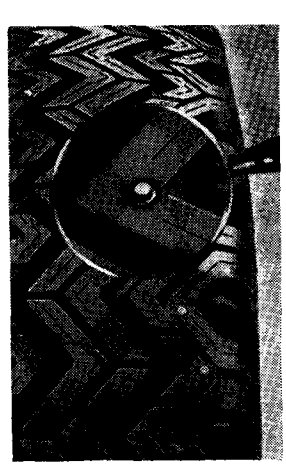

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TO THE EDITOR

Editors on Strike

Your editorial [Oct. 5] about the New York newspaper strike deserves extended consideration. It is submitted that it is not so much the millions of readers who are "gutless" as the owners of the papers. Freedom of the press, they have been lectured by their editors, means hands off the editorial policy. And the editors, as you say, have almost unanimously fostered and nourished the growth and success of the unions, with rarely a protest about vicious union leadership or practices. But we learned in Baltimore, where the strike seems to have been aimed solely at forcing all employees to join the unions, like it or not, that those *most prominent in the picket lines* were many of the top editorial staff and by-line writers. For the moulders of public opinion, and the reporters whose boast is that they report the news straight, to picket for the coercion of their fellow workers presents a classic picture of conflict of interest. Neither can claim to be the impartial champions of the rights of all men or the fearless champions of honesty and courage in print. And the owners haven't the "guts" to fire these key personnel on the legal theory that they are not entitled to the cloak of union membership, since they are, in irrefutable part, a very important part of management.

Baltimore, Md. J. NICHOLAS SHRIVER JR.

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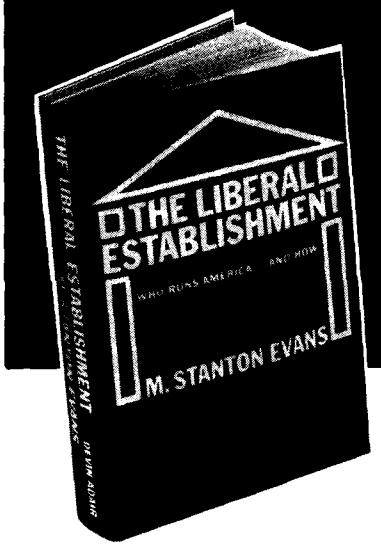

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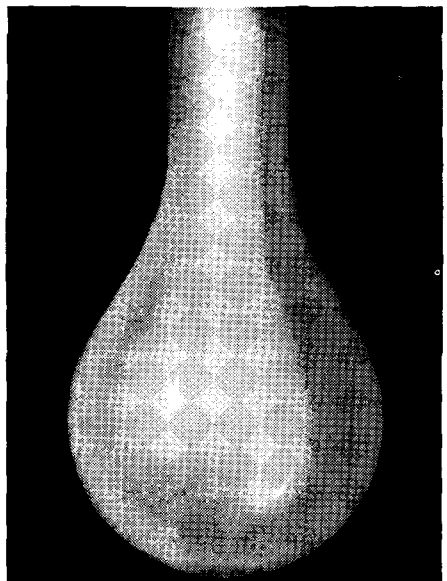

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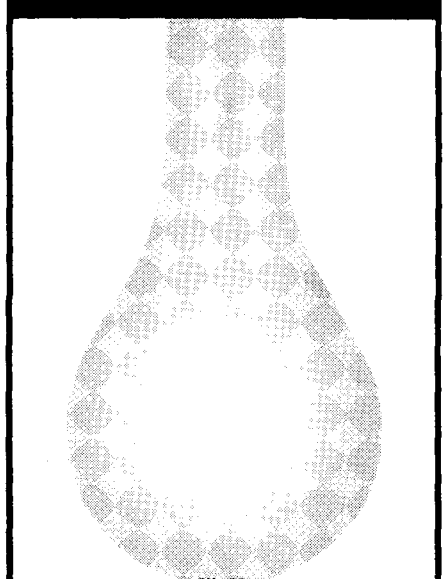

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Karl Marx and the Jews

The description by Max Geltman of the series of anti-Semitic articles that Karl Marx did for the New York *Tribune* [Oct. 5] is of value to those interested in Marx's legacy to other forms of totalitarianism than Communism. It should be encouraging to those who are opposing Marxist socialism that, far from being any scientific or historic insight into capitalism or free-enterprise economics, Marx's writings were to a large extent a product of his own neurotic anti-Semitism.

Livermore, Cal. RONALD F. FLEMING

More Immigration Or Less?

Being myself a recent immigrant from behind the Iron Curtain and wishing every decent man in our world could live as freely and happily as the Americans do in their homeland, I nevertheless have to underline Ernest van den Haag's urgent call for an effective limitation of U.S. immigration [Sept. 21].

The reason for it is not only that this country is no longer underpopulated. It is rather overpopulated with people who do not appreciate a healthy, highly competitive capitalism which offers not security, but freedom with opportunity. Immigration should become more a matter of honor than of getting closer to a milk cow.

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Though second to none in admiration of Ernest van den Haag, I strongly disagree with his article, "More Immigration?", in the September 21 issue. He devotes much space to denying the real or supposed racism of the "national origins" system, but all this is quite apart from the central issue: What principle justifies, or what calculation of overwhelming selfish advantage excuses, our closing off this rich land, this large fraction of the most desirable habitable territory of the planet, to all but a handful of those not so fortunate as to be born here?

Without straining the analogy with the infamous Berlin Wall, is it not clear that freedom to emigrate and freedom to immigrate are complementary? So far as the issue of principle is concerned, I do not see how a libertarian can endorse any government policy other than noninterference with the free voluntary movement of individuals. It is important not to confuse *political* barriers on immigration with what is an essential and socially useful right, of a *private* individual, to exclude others from his property or from contractual association with himself. But this private right is quite different from the exercise of authoritarian state power to bar the foreigner.

Despite the assertion of "overpopulation" I am sure that many would agree with my view that such labels are analytically useless for the problem at hand. For what it may be worth, I offer my opinion that voluntary immigration, up to several times the scale now contemplated, would be certainly beneficial in terms of both material considerations and cultural intangibles. The material argument follows directly from the fact that, by and large, the immigrant is someone who can "make a living" in this country. This means that, in the course of bettering himself, the ordinary immigrant is providing the community with an increment of goods and services we value at least as much as—very likely, considerably more than—we pay him.

Los Angeles, Cal. JACK HIRSHLEIFER
Dept. of Economics
University of California

A Reply

If Professor Hirshleifer thinks that "freedom to emigrate and freedom to immigrate are complementary" (one requires the other), does he think that granting people the freedom to sell their property imposes on others the obligation to buy it? If not, why is it our "complementary" obligation to let people immigrate? Emigration should everywhere be free—and immigration permitted when the emigrants are desired; we may purchase but need not buy.

If restrictions on immigration may reduce the choice of employers who might want to hire an excluded immigrant, they increase the choice of workers who might want to take a job he would have taken. On the other hand, if there are as many additional jobs as there are additional job-seekers, there is no change for either. As a matter of fact choices for individuals are both increased and decreased by immigration to about the same extent—the whole situation is altered: choices are *different*. To be a member of a group—e.g. a citizen of a country—always restricts some opportunities in favor of others. This is what it means to be a group member. Though there are disadvantages in humanity divided into groups such as nations, there is a net advantage; and groups exist whereas humanity is a speculation.

Economically, if one nation were to relinquish its right to restrict immigration while poorer ones do not, people would immigrate until there is no more advantage to it, i.e. the advantage of the rich nation would be greatly reduced. If all nations lifted restrictions, there would be general leveling up and downwards. There would be some general increase in production—owing to better distribution of resources—but it would not compensate the wealthier nations for their loss.

Under modern conditions (availability of transportation and information) people do find it easier to migrate. The mis-

(Continued on p. 997)

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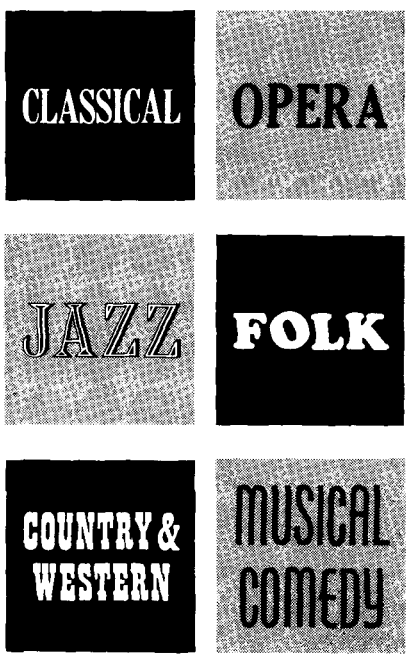
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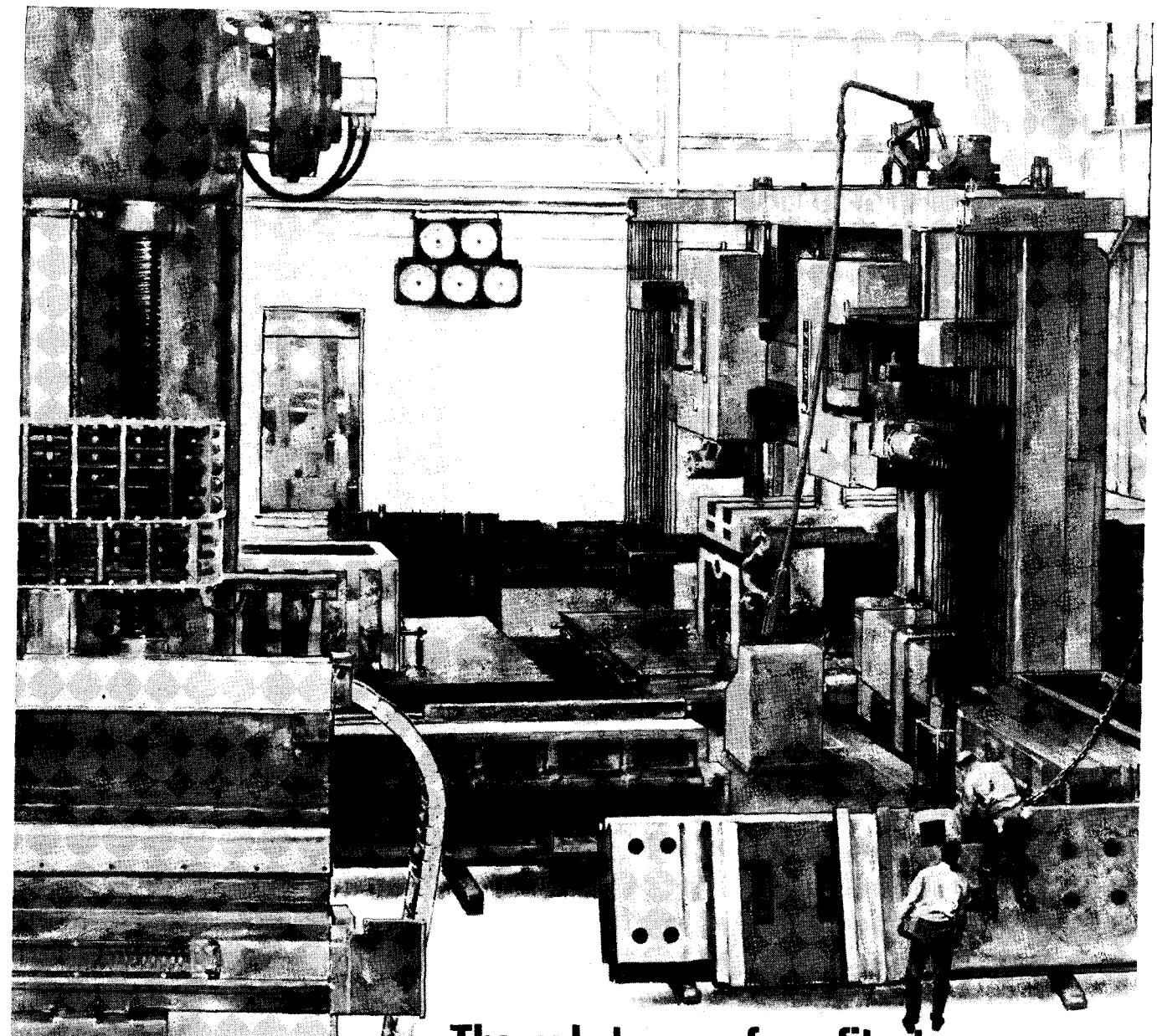

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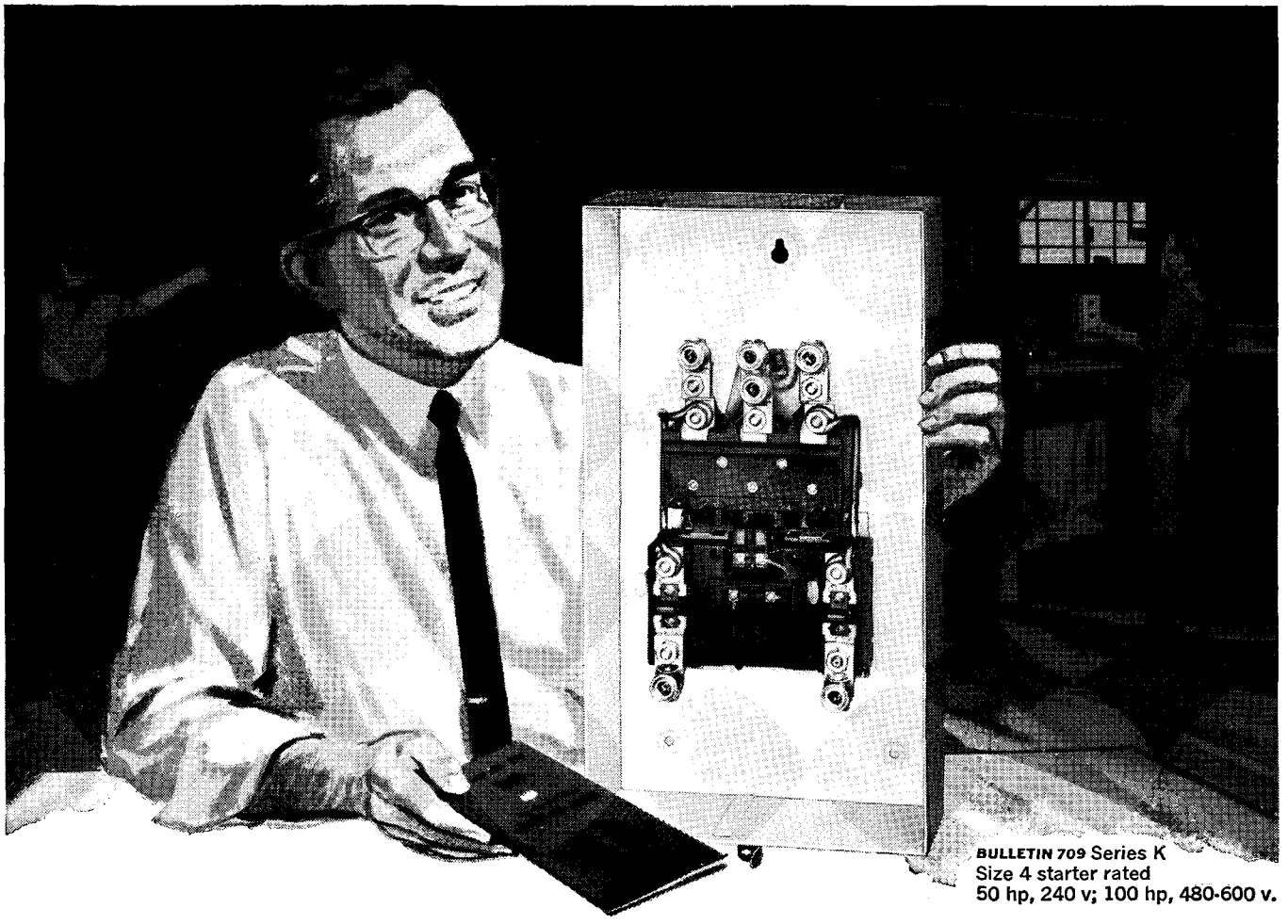

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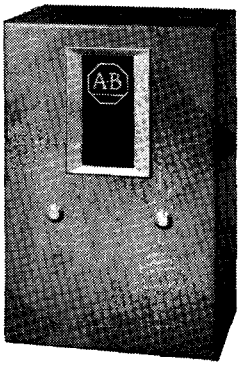

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The WEEK

● Solution to last week's puzzle: give Frank Morrissey a $30,000 pension for life and keep him down on the farm.

● Richard Nixon is waging his campaign for the 1968 Republican nomination with a subtlety and thoroughness missing from his 1960 operation. Except for a quick dip at last year's pre-convention GOP Governors' Conference in Cleveland, he has kept out of the continuing Republican bloodbath of 1964-65. His service under Eisenhower and his anti-Birch primary campaign of 1962 are his credentials as a nonextremist. His loyal support of Barry Goldwater last year and his recent policy pronouncements, firm in foreign policy and anti-statist at home, have won him the tacit support (if not final commitment) of most Republican conservatives. And his willingness to campaign for Republican candidates anywhere at any time has cemented the devotion of the pros who chose him in 1960. The latest Gallup poll gives him nearly twice the rank-and-file support of the next GOP possibility.

● George Wallace believes (so he tells us) in states' rights, and is against "judicial usurpation," above all by the federal courts. He also yearns for the election of George Wallace to another four-year term as governor of Alabama, against which there is a *state* law. To get said state law repealed, George Wallace must get his State Senate to end an anti-George Wallace filibuster. The State Senate is unwilling to end said filibuster: accordingly, George Wallace is pressing a law suit (to *federal* courts, in natural course) to overturn the Alabama Senate's filibuster provision as—get ready—"unconstitutional." Not only that: if said suit is thrown out, George Wallace intends to run for the U.S. Senate in open violation of *another* Alabama law against in-office advancement by incumbent governors. He expects that, if he is elected, the credential committee of the U.S. Senate will ignore the Alabama law as—you guessed it—"unconstitutional."

● Nineteen sixty-five is a big year for Liberal Republicans, or non-Republicans as some folk are beginning to call them on the analogy of non-art. Aside from the toothy example of John V. Lindsay, Liberal Republicans are seeking mayoralties in Louisville, Cleveland, and Akron (best chance: Louisville). But that's nothing compared with Philadelphia. The Republican candidate for district attorney of that proverbially amiable city is so full of brotherly love for Democrats that he admits to being one—a registered one—himself. He also (bless his ecumenical heart!) admires, publicly, the ADA. Governor Scranton and Senator Scott, disregarding the omen in the nomen, have staked their prestige on a Specter victory. An example, no doubt, of moderation in the pursuit of a Republican comeback.

● What do you know, if there hasn't been some good news internationally in the last fortnight. A big victory in Turkey for the anti-Communist and reportedly pro-American Justice Party. In Norway, for the first time in thirty years, a non-Socialist coalition is now running things. The bad guys seem to be getting it in Indonesia as the army cracks down on the powerful Communist Party, and Communist leader D. N. Aidit is reported either in hiding or en route to Red China by submarine. Sukarno's own position appears shaky. A quiet purge is underway in Egypt where strongman Abdel Nasser is believed to be in serious trouble for the first time in a decade with the refusal of Russia to bail him out of his Yemen adventure and the repeated challenges by Bourguiba and others to his leadership of the Arab League. Even little Swaziland, a tiny British protectorate in southern Africa, seems well on the way to independence under the regime of paramount Chief Sobhuza II, which has been heartily approved by both white and black Swazilanders, and has friendly relations with South Africa.

● American observers at the recent meeting of the Asian People's Anti-Communist League in Manila noted a significant shift in the attitude of the delegates: notably, a softening of their position toward Communist China. What has made the difference is the Chinese A-bomb. Even the hardest anti-Communists at the Manila meeting now believe that if China is allowed to build up her nuclear arsenal she may, in time, be able to blackmail her neighbors into accepting her hegemony in Asia. And it was made plain to the U.S. delegates that if America does not hold firm in South Vietnam, the entire anti-Communist front in Asia will collapse.

● From the *Wall Street Journal*: "London—(AP)—Rolls Royce, Ltd., said it will unveil at a motor show here today a car it will sell only to royalty and heads of state. . . . Each car will be nearly twenty feet long and six feet high and will take six months to build. The company is looking mostly to the newly emerging nations of Africa and Asia for customers." Seeing as how so many of *them* are nearly twenty feet long, six feet high, and take six months to build.

● Out of the mouths of Aves: "When I became discontented with the Republican Party," commented Averell Harriman (who left the Republicans in 1928 to support Al Smith), "I quit it. Perhaps Mr. Lindsay, who says he is a Liberal, should do the same."

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Linus Pauling v. National Review

Soon after the 15th of November NATIONAL REVIEW will go on trial for its life. Other issues will also be established at the trial: for one, whether or not the right of free speech extends to anti-Communists.

The lawsuit traces back to an editorial that appeared in the issue of NATIONAL REVIEW of July 17, 1962. It was called "The Collaborators," and made the point that there are some people in the United States, of whom Linus Pauling was one, who, whether or not they are Communists, are willing to collaborate with Communists. "What are we going to do about these people?" the editorial asked. "If it is proper that for the time being they should be immune from legal sanction, does it also follow that they should continue to receive public respect, honor and rewards?"

The editorial was not written hastily or flippantly. Mr. James Burnham, who drafted the editorial, had before him at the time of writing, among other documents, a report of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on Dr. Pauling which had concluded, among other things:

> "Dr. Pauling, in the course of his career, has been connected with various pro-Communist or 'Communist front' political activities and with a significant number of persons whose affiliations with the Communist Party, U.S.A., are matters of record.
>
> "Dr. Pauling has figured as the No. 1 scientific name in virtually every major activity of the Communist peace offensive in this country. He has participated in many international organizations and international conferences sponsored by the Communist peace offensive.
>
> "He has issued statements, or taken legal action, on behalf of the convicted atom bomb spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell, the 'Hollywood 10,' the 12 Communist leaders convicted under the Smith Act, etc. He has, in these cases, invariably rejected the findings of the highest courts in the country, and expressed views in consonance with the positions of the Communist press and Communist-front organizations.
>
> "In his statements and his attitudes, Dr. Pauling has displayed a consistent pro-Soviet bias.
>
> "It is clear from his record and from his recent public statement in Chicago that Dr. Pauling believes that movements dedicated to peace and disarmament should collaborate with the Communists —or, as he put it, should be 'open to all.'
>
> "He has consistently opposed legislation and agencies set up by the American Government to safeguard itself against Communist subversion."

Indeed, the title of the editorial, "The Collaborators," was suggested by the use of the word "collaborate" in the conclusions of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Mr. Burnham's deductions as to what he might properly say about Professor Pauling based on the Senate subcommittee's conclusions were by no means unique. A distinguished court, although not the court before which NATIONAL REVIEW will be tried, has said that a publisher "would have been privileged to call Dr. Pauling a Communist sympathizer on commenting on the statement of facts in the report of the Senate subcommittee" to which we have referred.

After the editorial was published, Dr. Pauling's lawyer sent a letter announcing his client's intention to sue. We replied that we should be glad to correct any factual inaccuracy concerning Dr. Pauling published in "The Collaborators" or at any other time. No reply.

Two months later we published a second editorial entitled "Are You Being Sued By Linus Pauling?" We there referred to the number of libel suits that Dr. Pauling had recently brought and to his intention to bring suit against NATIONAL REVIEW, and wondered whether his purpose was to stifle public opinion.

Dr. Pauling thereupon filed suit for $1,000,000 against NATIONAL REVIEW, against William F. Buckley Jr., editor, and against William A. Rusher, publisher.

Since then the Supreme Court of the United States has said that there is "a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide-open." It did so in an opinion reversing a judgment for libel obtained by the superintendent of police of Montgomery, Alabama, for misstatements of fact made about him in an advertisement published by the *New York Times*. Up to this point, the New York courts have ruled in our case that the doctrine of the *New York Times* case does not apply "when the debate is among private parties only."

Other courts have taken a broader view of the "profound national commitment."

Meanwhile, we must go to trial. There we shall plead, among other things, the truth. If in this day and age a publisher may not say of Dr. Pauling that he is a fellow traveler, he cannot say it about anyone, and if a publisher may not say it about anyone, he is left defenseless to identify such people as Dr. Pauling and the public debate with domestic anti-Communists is crippled.

The jury will decide the matter of guilt or innocence. It has, as the judge will inform it, an awful responsibility concerning not only the practical matters at stake, but also issues of grave national concern. Accordingly we shall report regularly on the progress of the trial.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The Republican Party at long last has decided to take the offensive against Group Research, Inc. In concerted attacks by Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky and Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon, the work of this professional black-listing organization has been frankly exposed. Senator Morton's remarks, at the Eisenhower Dinner, underscored the essential evil of GRI's work. Where the John Birchers called General Eisenhower a conscious tool of the Communists, GRI—financed by the labor unions and with a $10,000 contribution from the Democratic National Committee to ease its labors—lumps the former President with all the neo-fascist crackpots and extreme right-wingers it can find. So rabid is Group Research that it even has a file on Senator Thomas Dodd, a Liberal Democrat on domestic policy, and Senator Paul Douglas, another Democrat who has carried the ball for the Liberal Left except for such lapses as fighting the admission of Red China to the United Nations. Also in the GRI amalgam are Cardinal Cushing and Jackie Robinson. If this sounds zany, it should be noted that GRI has been successful, through the use of its black list, in causing newspapers to drop conservative columnists and TV stations from using members of the responsible Right on their programs.

◆ Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach has been shocked by the "protest" marches organized by Students for a Democratic Society. Even the *Washington Post* concedes that these demonstrations against United States policy in Vietnam will prolong the fighting. Mr. Katzenbach's announcement that the Communists played a significant role in planning and leading the demonstrations is welcomed by anti-Communists here. If the Justice Department is sincere in its newly proclaimed intentions to prosecute draft dodgers, it will nevertheless have a considerable problem on its hands. Robert F. Kennedy, when Attorney General, dismantled much of the Department's Internal Security Division. Its attorneys were put on other work and its personnel was sharply reduced. Before any action can be taken, the FBI will have to reassign its experts to the anti-subversive work from which they were taken as a result of Mr. Kennedy's emphasis on other matters.

◆ Latin American sources here expect a Communist coup in the Dominican Republic, possibly within the month. The State Department's policy of favoring Juan Bosch and his "comrades"—and the complicity of the United States in the exile of anti-Communist General Wessin y Wessin—have encouraged the various Red groups and organizations. At present, the Communists dominate the 5,000-student University of Santo Domingo. The cold-blooded murder by Communists of Angel Severo Cabral, a possible candidate in the upcoming presidential election, is expected to prompt anti-Communist retaliation and this will be used as the excuse to launch a full-fledged revolt against the "neutralist" provisional government set up by the Organization of American States. If a revolt does break out, the State Department could well recommend a hands-off policy. It will parrot Senator J. William Fulbright's argument that the proof of Communist involvement is flimsy and that the revolt simply reflects the national aspirations of the Dominican people. In taking this line, the Department will have the support of Mr. Fulbright and his cronies. With him, it is believed, will be nine Democratic senators led by Senator Robert F. Kennedy. This will be in line with Mr. Kennedy's recent "opening to the Left"—most dramatically highlighted when he called for Red Chinese participation in the nuclear ban talks.

◆ The death of Robert Humphreys is a tragic loss for conservatives. Quietly, but brilliantly, he fought to give strength and coherence to Republican policy. To do this, he renounced a distinguished career in journalism, resigning as one of the top editors of *Newsweek* (when that publication still spoke for itself). First as the director of public relations for the Republican National Committee, and latterly as the good right arm of the Republican leadership in Congress, he brought his experience as a newspaperman, his understanding as a finely-tuned human being, and his determination as an undaunted American, to the task of explaining the ways of conservatism to an antagonistic Washington press corps. Those who knew him have reason to mourn.

—CATO

Our Dilapidating Language

No, we are not going to enter a plea to return to the language of Samuel Johnson. Language grows and changes through time; it is the perfect example of conservative and organic innovation; on that score *nolemus contendere*. But the forces of confusion are ever at work, and while there is growth there is also death in language. We keep losing perfectly good words. At the moment we are on the brink of losing the word "voluntary."

For about a year now, the Johnson Administration has been inviting the business community to exercise a degree of self-control in the matter of overseas transactions, the aim being to reduce the U.S. deficit. This is called a "voluntary" program. (The "voluntary guidelines" for wage and price increases could equally serve as example.) But it exists in an atmosphere of contingent force, i.e., You Cooperate Or We'll Make It Tough For You. That kind of "cooperation" is rightly called obedience, and that kind of "voluntary" act is rightly described as coerced. A news report tells us, "The Administration has hinted that it would have to impose controls if its

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gentler persuasive guidelines failed." The old Al Capone technique.

The Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Connor, has written letters recently to six hundred corporations, asking them to observe (obey?) the Administration's "guidelines" for wages and prices. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fowler, has suggested specific guidelines for exports, imports, and overseas investment, guidelines "that can be evenly applied to achieve the national objective under competitive conditions." Competitive? In this strange new language that is creeping towards us, we read of "pressure for more cooperation" (coercive voluntarism?), and those who fail to meet the "guidelines" established for "voluntary" effort are accused, not of acting as free men, but of "backsliding." That is, it is moral to cooperate with national objectives, immoral not to: a foundation of morality currently greatly in vogue in the Communist bloc.

Perhaps the most shocking example of the new alien speech is this phrase from a recent news article (M. J. Rossant in the *New York Times,* Oct. 20, p. 71): "The Administration will have to exact [sic] increased voluntary cooperation or consider the application of mandatory controls." Aside from the inference that there can be such a thing as non-mandatory controls, the notion of exacting "voluntary" cooperation seems to be on a level of intellectual and linguistic perversion quite worthy of 1984. Seventeen more years of this decay, and 1984 will be here.

Any volunteers for street-sweeping?

March, Countermarch

That was the weekend that was: the Baby Left came out to play, as expected, and there was the Senile Left tottering forth delightedly to greet them—new comrades to man the rickety old barricades as they have not been manned since the popular front days of the thirties. In 1965, however, popular front has become Pop Front. There, beside such permanent, almost venerable, fixtures of the Old Left as A. J. Muste, Norman Thomas, and Dave Dellinger—men whose pacifist-socialist convictions turn them out with the regularity of figures on medieval clocks—there came a weird motley of teen-age Maoists, intellectual Trotskyites, folk singers, draft dodgers, young veterans of the Mississippi wars and the Berkeley campaigns, Pacific pacifists like Henry Miller, part-time pacifists like Arthur Miller, Catholic Workers like David Miller—all of them in cheerful lock-step with the prevailing ideology on parade, Communism in today's coats of many colors, and with the Communists' objective of extending by other means a war they now know they may never win militarily.

The speeches and signs on display were abusive to a calculated degree: American air raids on North Vietnamese installations were routinely compared to the Nazi bombing of Britain and Guernica (marchers on Fifth Avenue even carried reproductions of the Picasso painting); U.S. policy was summed up: "Fratricide, Infanticide, Genocide—Whose Side Are You On," and, " 'I was only obeying orders'—Eichmann"; in London, a banner read: "We want Johnson crucified." The scare word was *napalm* (*sic transit* Strontium 90) and the byword, unspoken but everywhere understood, was sedition. In Madison, Wis., home of the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam (which organized the weekend), University of Wisconsin students marched on nearby Truax Air Force Base and tried to make a citizens' arrest of the commanding officer. From such organizations as Students for a Democratic Society (which promotes a brand of conscientious objection) and the May 2nd Movement (which promotes the Vietcong) the orders went out: cool the draft. Tear up your card. Lie down. Fake faggotry, drug addiction, football knee. Kicks, man.

What to do with these collegiate guerrillas, these rolling stones of the Left, for whom the Vietnam war crystallizes everything hateful, from table manners to post offices that will not permit pornographers free use of the mails, and to whom sophisticated revolutionaries like Staughton Lynd, I. F. Stone and Bayard Rustin can appeal for aid in the systematic dissolution of the society? (One answer, from a placard-bearing Korean War vet in Portland, Ore.: "Draft These Punks Now.") The Attorney General will investigate Communist influence. Mr. Miller, of the Catholic Worker, has been indicted on the charge of burning his draft card.

Well and good. And so were the counterdemonstrations, all through that October weekend, that began to give proof, wherever it was needed, of the fundamental loyalty and incorrigible anti-Communism of most of the American people. Some of it was organized—the reverse teach-ins held by Young Americans for Freedom and the Student Ad Hoc Committee for Freedom in Vietnam—and some of it, deplorably, exhilaratingly, was not. Patriotic displays blossomed along leftist lines of march. Eggs, fists, flew on Fifth Avenue. Cries of "Get out of Vietnam" were outdinned by "Get out of Vietnam—go North!" And in a Trenton jail—our favorite Trenton jail—prisoners rushed to windows and shouted down the speakers attempting a rally in the parking lot below. Of course, the Liberation Radio of the Vietcong took what comfort it could from the American turnout in its behalf. But most Americans, bystanders on the parade route, knew it would never replace football.

II

University teachers, so conspicuous in the early teach-ins, were also there, but few and far between in that demonstrative weekend. Teachers are great

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talkers, and nowadays not at all averse to talking in public, but when masses of people take to the streets, most teachers begin to get nervous, recall their professional status, and watch from the shelter of their studies. But their students—including honest, bright and generous students—were marching, in substantial number. They were marching alongside those who were shouting the modish obscenities, and—parroting the propaganda funneled from the enemy—urging civil disobedience, aid to the Vietcong that is killing their own friends and classmates; yes, even many of those honest, bright and generous students, intoxicated by the first flush of "mass action," were aping the already corrupted among whom they found themselves.

What were the teachers thinking, we wonder, as they saw, heard, or read of the action of their students? How many of them were willing to face the truth that their pupils, in those ominous displays, symptoms of so deep a disease, were only applying, in their more youthful way, the lessons they had learned in the classrooms? Have they not been taught that patriotism is outmoded, that the UN is the hope for the future, that war is unthinkable, that peace is the supreme goal, that soldiers are reactionary villains, that measures against Communism are tyranny, that free speech permits anything to be said, anywhere, that everyone has the right to disobey laws he doesn't believe in?

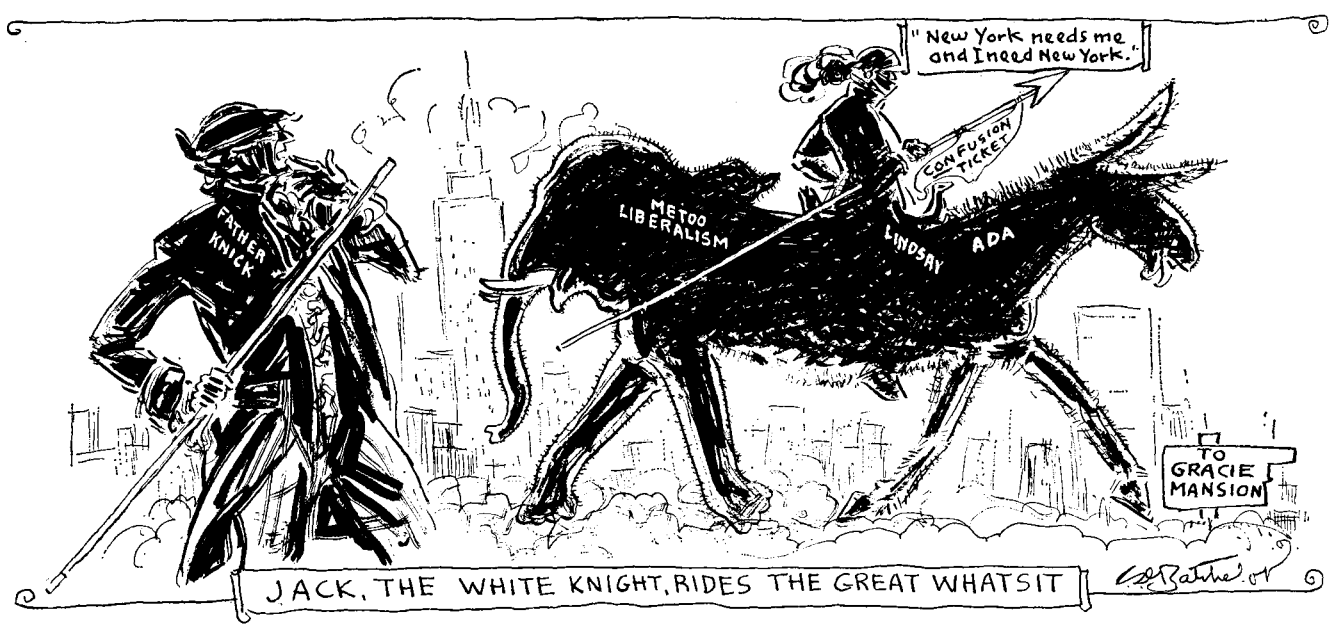
Who Wants Us Out?

"The suffering South Vietnamese people," the peaceniks of all 57 varieties from do-gooders to assassins offer as one justification for their view and conduct, "hate the American troops and hope only that they will go home." Most peaceniks add that "the overwhelming majority" of "the South Vietnamese people" support the Vietcong. These ideas, so carefully fed by the Communist propaganda surgeons into the arteries of "world opinion," have infected, also, many good citizens who, though loyally supporting their nation in its armed conflict, are troubled by the feeling that our armies are imposing an imperialist purpose of our own on a people arrayed in their hearts, even when not with arms in their hands, against us.

Having in mind all the scores of revolutionary examples from 1917 on—in not one of which Communists have ever won power by the voluntary consent of any people anywhere—we are entitled to wonder. Two recent items seem relevant.

1) For a week beginning October 7 the Vietcong called on all persons in South Vietnam to join in a one-day general strike and terrorist attacks against Americans on October 15—the timing, quite obviously, arranged to coincide with the peacenik operation in this country and Europe. Came October 15 and the demonstrations got under way in New York, Berkeley, Chicago, London, Paris, Prague and other points many thousands of miles from Saigon. But—though no special countermeasures were taken, and sufficient countermeasures *could* not have been taken—there was no sign of anyone striking, and no terrorist attacks, in Saigon itself, Hue, Danang, Quang Tri, Ca Mau or any other of the South Vietnamese cities. The only possible repercussion to the Vietcong summons was what some observers thought to be a partial easing of traffic on intercity highways (vulnerable, in many cases, to Vietcong ambush).

2) Rabbi Richard E. Dryer, a U.S. Army chaplain who for the past seven months has been the only rabbi in South Vietnam for both civilian and military Americans, wrote a dispatch for a Canadian newspaper a fortnight ago. He began with a criticism



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of Americans who, "with preconceived ideas," visit South Vietnam for a few days and return as "experts on the Vietnam situation." But his principal subject was the attitude toward the American troops of "the many religious leaders, students and ordinary people" he has met during travels "the entire length and breadth of South Vietnam." Not surprisingly, "all of them want peace in their country." But, Rabbi Dryer affirms, "not one of them has said to me that he believes that a satisfactory peace could be obtained by the unilateral withdrawal of the American military force. I have been stopped by Vietnamese as I walked down the street in civilian clothes after a Vietcong bombing of an American troop billet. These Vietnamese wanted to express their heartfelt and sincere grief—and thanks—to an American—any American. These people were deeply grateful for the presence of the American military in their country. Their own dead they could accept more easily than the sacrifice of men from thousands of miles away who were here to defend their [the Vietnamese people's] freedom." Rabbi Dryer—after recounting his experience in "humble homes" with Vietnamese who knew from their own experience how "the Vietcong plunder and terrorize, rob and murder"—summed up his conclusion: "It goes far beyond the demand of sensible Liberalism to contend that American forces should withdraw from this war while the Communists continue to carry out their announced plans to subjugate South Vietnam."

Let Freedom Ring, Comrades

The Nobel Prize Committee was taking no chance at all on another rebuff when it picked Mikhail Sholokhov (*And Quiet Flows the Don*) for this year's literature award. Back in 1958, having taken Nikita Khrushchev's de-Stalinization doctrine more seriously than Nikita Khrushchev, the Committee awarded the prize to Boris Pasternak for his brilliant and often anti-Soviet novel, *Dr. Zhivago,* with bitter consequences to Pasternak. Pasternak, as you will recall, was not permitted to accept the award; he was hounded out of the Soviet Writers Association by no one else but Mikhail Sholokhov, this year's winner, and ended his life in disgrace. *Dr. Zhivago* has to this day not been published in the Soviet Union.

Sholokhov—if a Soviet author had to be chosen—couldn't have been a safer bet. He has been a member of the Communist Party for thirty years, one of the few Soviet authors of talent to survive the Stalin years, partially at least because he played the part of hatchetman for Soviet authorities when called upon to do so, as he did in the Pasternak case. Soviet leaders have already hailed the award and there is no question that Sholokhov will be permitted to journey to Stockholm to accept his prize and the pot of gold ($56,400).

By conferring the literature award on Sholokhov (who is one of Russia's best living writers) the Committee has helped gloss over the fact that the writer in Russia today is only marginally freer to write as he chooses than he was in bad old Stalin's time. Just two days after this Nobel prize was announced, it was reported that another of the Soviet Union's finest authors, the *Novy Mir* critic Andrei D. Sinyavsky, whose brilliant bootleg novels, written under the name of Abram Tertz (*The Makepeace Experiment. The Trial Begins*), have been smuggled out of the Soviet Union through Poland and published in the West, has been arrested, and will probably spend the next few months or years of his life in a mental institution, which is where Soviet authorities have taken to shutting up intellectuals they don't like in the good new times of Comrades Kosygin and Brezhnev.

A Lead from California

The California legislature passed a law this summer authorizing financial aid to victims of violent crimes and to families of homicide victims (*NR,* Aug. 10). NATIONAL REVIEW commended California's initiative in this matter, because 1) it is just that the state should reimburse citizens whom the state has failed in its primary duty to protect, and 2) it is imperative to find ways—and this law can be one—to counterbalance the tendency of our courts, lately, to load the scales of justice inordinately in favor of criminals and suspects. The accused is being surrounded by a net of intricate legal rules so dense that it becomes a Herculean task for police, judge, and jury to penetrate them; on conviction, if finally obtained, the criminal is furnished room and board—free, if less than luxurious—along with instruction, medical and psychiatric care, entertainment, and the probability of early parole. The victim of crimes of violence—whether he has lost a leg, his money, his health, or his life—gets nothing, for himself or his family.

The California law is largely the fruit of the persistent agitation of a single columnist, Guy Wright, of the recently folded *San Francisco News Call Bulletin.* Its present modest form—it is a kind of pilot project—may tend to obscure its philosophical importance. It calls for an initial annual appropriation of only $100,000, to be disbursed at the discretion of California's Department of Welfare. This is obviously no more than a token fund, much less than the annual prison appropriation for what Wright has called "loving psychiatric care." And however little or much there is to go around, the sovereignty of a

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Welfare Department, with its overtones of petitionary indigence, seems to be an unnecessary insult to victims who should (according to the principle behind the law) be the natural recipients of what is theirs by right. In practice, the payments should be regarded as indemnity, not as "relief."

Whatever the defects of California's legislation, it is a promising reform in American jurisprudence. There is every reason to press for the extension of the indemnification principle to other states. Curiously, in California, not a single one of the groups so unremittingly concerned with the rights of murderers and thieves—the ACLU, the ADA, the NAACP, the Quakers—has had, so far as we can learn, a single word to say, one way or the other, on the merits of Guy Wright's Law.

Tsingfu F. Tsiang, RIP

When Dr. Tsingfu F. Tsiang retired last spring from his post as ambassador from the Republic of China to Washington—where he had shifted three years ago after his long and stellar performance as China's ambassador to the United Nations—he expected to be soon in Formosa and there, he told some of his friends, to have at last time to write down some of his experiences and, as our era's elder and, lately, not so elder statesmen are wont to do, make his own modest contribution to history. His would have had a special interest, we may guess, not only from the varied fullness of his career, which in this is paralleled by some of his fellow diplomats, but by the philosophic maturity of his intelligence and his professional training in history, in which subject he took his doctorate at Columbia.

When Dr. Tsiang, standing alone against all the great ones of the Security Council, vetoed in the name of Free China, the 1955 "package deal" which would have admitted in one lump a group of genuinely peace-loving countries with a clutch of Communist satellites, he was widely threatened and reviled for having adhered to principle and the United Nations Charter.

But his own sweet temper, his patient experienced diplomacy, earned him the respect even of those of his colleagues who tore out their hair in frustration at the quiet resolution of this Asian scholar, who so often had to remind the United Nations of the purposes for which it was founded. And it was his remarkable achievement, almost single-handed, to dramatize in the United Nations the necessity to keep Red China out.

When Dr. Tsiang spoke last summer at a small dinner tendered in his honor by Henry Luce—it was to be his farewell public appearance—no one suspected, not even he, that he was soon to die of cancer. He was supposed to leave town in the next few days, but suddenly he felt great pain, and went to the hospital. His friends received an encouraging bulletin a fortnight or so ago; and then, suddenly, he died, his family at his bedside; his memoirs unwritten.

Someone, we may hope, will undertake to write the story they would have told. There are few people about whom such a diplomatic thriller could be written. On top of the rest, in the thirties Dr. Tsiang was Chiang's ambassador to the Soviet Union, and learned firsthand what world Communism is up to. The book should not, however, be written by a dry-as-dust historian insensible to the great reserves of human passion which, united with an Oriental patience and sense of historical rhythm, made his words so unforgettably eloquent to all who heard them.

Randall Jarrell, RIP

We mourn the death, seemingly willed, of Randall Jarrell. Poet, critic, teacher, translator, he demanded that the nation recognize its poets but was himself infrequently so recognized, so protean were his talents, so shattering his wit in prose. His excellent criticism is contained in *Poetry and the Age;* and in *Pictures From an Institution,* his only novel, he produced, in an overcrowded field, the sharpest account yet published of the truth about American higher education. It was Jarrell who pilloried academic Liberalism with: "If Benton had had an administration building with pillars, it could have carved over the pillars: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you feel guilty.' . . . Many a Benton girl went back to her nice home, married her rich husband—and carried a fox in her bosom for the rest of her life—and short of becoming a social worker, founding a Neo-Socialist party, and then killing herself and leaving her insurance to the United Nations, I do not know how she could have got rid of it." Taste? Culture? The Way We Live Today? "Most of the people of Benton would have swallowed a porcupine, if you had dyed its quills and called it Modern Art . . . they were *so* liberal and selfless, politically, that—but what words of men, or tongue of man or angel, can one find adequate to this great theme?" *Requiescat in pace,* Randall Jarrell.

Notes and Asides

The editors take great pleasure in announcing Miss Arlene Croce's acceptance of a position as Senior Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. Miss Croce is a Rhode

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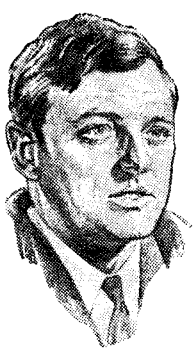
Islander; a North Carolinian; a graduate of Barnard College; a former associate editor of *Worldview*, a slightly suspect publication of irrelevant opinion; editor and founder of *The Ballet Review*, the first number of which recently appeared, whose circulation of forty-seven subscribers includes the ontstandingly informed devotees of that magic art; a former associate editor of NATIONAL REVIEW; and the creator of some of the most glorious prose that ever appeared in this humble journal. Miss Croce (no relation to B.) is the youngest member of the senior editorial board, and is expected, and indeed herewith instructed, to bring a new freshness and light to this lusty publication.

On the Right

'Life' Goes to Norman Mailer

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The life and art of Mr. Norman Mailer were discussed all over the pages of *Life* Magazine recently by an intelligent and gifted writer, Mr. Brock Brewer, who had the sense to acknowledge even before setting out on his twelve-page journey that he doesn't know (and neither does Mr. Mailer) what in fact is the goal of Mr. Mailer's "reckless quest." The heavy recognition of Mr. Mailer by the editors of *Life* is final confirmation that he is big on the literary scene—and more: that he is big on the American scene, for reasons that most critics do not know how to explain but. by their friendly activity in trying, go so far as to acknowledge that the Quest to Explain Norman Mailer is itself worthwhile.



Buckley

And indeed it is. He is probably the single best-known living American writer, second only to John Dos Passos. It doesn't mean his books have sold as well as Erskine Caldwell's or John Steinbeck's, merely that far more of the people who read Mailer's books wonder about who he is, and what he is trying to get at, than ever have on reading Caldwell or Steinbeck.

Mailer is interesting in two respects. The first—and here is why I love him as an artist—is that he makes the most beautiful metaphors in the business, as many as a dozen of them on a single page worth anthologizing.

The second reason why he is interesting is that to many who read him hungrily (and perhaps too seriously) he represents present-day America. He expresses their feelings that America today is shivering in desolation and hopelessness, is looking for her identity after a period of self-alienation marked by a couple of world wars, a depression, and a cyclonic advance through technology and automation.

It was Mailer who developed the cult of the Hipster—the truly modern American who lets the bleary world go by doing whatever it bloody well likes, because nothing it does can upset the Hipsters' inexhaustible Cool. It isn't that Mr. Mailer's characters are without passion; on the contrary, they tend to be so highly strung that no matter how gently you stroke them, they emit twangy sharp tones. It is that the workaday pressures of civilization don't effect them. They aren't influenced very much by tradition; or by the venerable arguments for continence and moderation; or by the recognition that other people's existences, and hopes, abut against our own ambitions and self-concern.

An Unhappy Socialist?

In every categorical sense, Norman Mailer is an utter and hopeless mess. If there is an intellectual in the United States who talks more predictable nonsense on the subject of foreign policy, I will pay a week's wages not to have to hear him.

On the domestic scene, he is a so-so socialist. So-so because even though he finds he can float only in the cool waters of the Left, he is transparently unhappy, really, as a socialist: although he is more docile toward that barren religion than toward any other. As a citizen, he is wild, defying not only those starched conventions that are there primarily to stick out your tongue at, but the other conventions, the real McCoys; those that are there to increase the small chance we have, whether as children or as adults, for a little domestic tranquility.

As a philosopher, however, Mailer is—dare I say it?—in his own fashion, a conservative. Wrestling in the twentieth century with the hegemonies of government and ideology, the conservative tends to side with the individualist. In his savage novels, Mailer's titanic struggles are sustained by the resources of his own spirit (plus booze). In his most recent novel, *An American Dream,* a hero as screwy as Mr. Mailer lurches from Gomorrah to hell and back, but always depends on himself to get out of the jam.

Mr. Mailer is properly denounced by philosophical taxonomists as a solipsist—a man for whom reality is confined to himself and his own experience. Still, it is a relief—sort of a halfway house to the proper blend of the individual and tradition—to read a novel in which the protagonist doesn't depend for his salvation on life rafts cast out into the sea of Hope by Marx, Freud, or U Thant.

I confess that Mr. Mailer's tours through the nightspots of hell are not my idea of recreation, even with pad and pencil in hand to jot down what one has Learned about Things. I do not enjoy spelunking in human depravity, nor do I wish my machine around to tape-record the emunctory noises of psychic or physical human excesses. Even so, there is hope in Norman Mailer's turbulent motions.

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The Third World War

Converging Toward What?

JAMES BURNHAM

The Assembly of Captive European Nations came into being ten years ago. Its members are representative exiles from Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Rumania. It was intended to symbolize the hope of the East European peoples for eventual freedom from subjection to Moscow, to carry out activities that would preserve their national traditions, and to bring their hope of freedom to world attention.

Burnham

The Assembly is an "affiliate"—more accurately, subsidiary — of the Free Europe Committee, best known for its operation of Radio Free Europe. Publicity for Radio Free Europe includes the phrase, "financed by private contributions," and it is a fact that prominent corporations are expected to come through with contributions in the annual public drives. As all informed persons know, however, the Free Europe complex is politically controlled and financed in principal part by agencies of the U.S. Government.

From its founding until a month ago the chief administrative officer ("Secretary General") of the Assembly Nations was an exile from Rumania, Brutus Coste. Coste (who has written once or twice for *NR*) is still a comparatively young man, intelligent, vigorous, exceedingly well informed. He is a good organizer, an excellent speaker and a seven-day-a-week worker. He is also a hard anti-Communist, uncompromisingly devoted to the cause of the freedom of his own native country, of all its sister-nations in East Europe, and of all men everywhere. And that is why last month, in the last shabby act of a contemptible intrigue, manipulated in its intermediary stages by bureaucratic nincompoops but directed from the great offices along the Potomac, Brutus Coste was fired. Coste was the driving force of the Assembly; what it has been able to achieve within the narrow limits that had been imposed on it was due in primary part to him. With his departure the Assembly sinks into ghostlike obsolescence.

Whys and Wherefores

It should not be supposed that the ouster of Brutus Coste was a merely personal affair. It was an expression, in its field, of the general line now dominant in U.S. foreign affairs: of the same line that produced almost at the same moment, the State Department's blast against citizens who proposed to boycott cigarettes containing tobacco of Communist origin, and the earlier condemnation of YAF for inducing Firestone to stay out of Rumania; the line that pushes for rapidly expanding aid and trade, cultural exchanges and political friendship with East Europe; the policy, in short, of coexistence and *convergence* with the East European Communist bloc. Coste, as a hard anti-Communist and himself an East European, was felt to be a thorn in the side of this policy, and was removed.

In seeking closer relations with the subordinate nations of the bloc, the objective is to strengthen nationalist tendencies toward independence from Moscow. There is nothing wrong with this objective, but there seem to be at least four mistakes in the strategy by which Washington pursues it.

1) No quid pro quo *relevant to the objective* is proposed in connection with the economic transactions. We cannot realistically expect Warsaw, Bucharest, or Belgrade to give up the entire Communist system in one stroke in return for wheat. But we might exact a little *something*: freer circulation of U.S. publications; easier travel rules for private persons; no weapons to Castro or the Vietcong; even a few economic changes to assure that our economic concessions are of some use to the people. When we impose no conditions, our economic moves (and those of other Western powers) serve in practice not to promote independence but to strengthen usurping Communist dictatorships pledged to bury us.

2) The total U. S. policy is contradictory, because at the same time we play up to the captive nations (rather, their governments), we play up even more ardently to the Soviet government from which we purportedly wish to loosen the captive nations. If we really want to go to work on the captive nations, we should have a coldly aloof, if not outright hostile, attitude toward the Soviet government.

It Takes Two

3) Our policy furthers the most dangerous elements of de Gaulle's strategy. It confirms his warning to Western Europe that Washington seeks a general deal with Moscow over Europe's head; that therefore Western Europe cannot trust the U.S. and must make its own deal first.

4) And, finally, our policy is based on optimistic illusions concerning Moscow's strategy. Moscow and the bloc will naturally accept all concessions that we offer. But at the same time Moscow guides, supplies, and supports the Vietcong and Castro. Moscow does not hide its aims from those who choose to see: in full view of the entire UN General Assembly, the Soviet delegate congratulated Cuban delegate Raul Roa after Roa's ferocious speech summoning Africa, Asia, and Latin America to the war for exterminating the United States. There is no inconsistency in the Soviet position: these are the two inseparable sides of the coexistence coin.

You would have thought there might have been *somebody* in higher Washington echelons smart enough to have figured out that, even if we were going in for coexistence and convergence, it might be useful to keep in the background a hint—as the Assembly of Captive Nations was with Coste—of a sharper edge.

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Rhodesia at the Crossroads

Rhodesia is ready and capable of ruling itself, says the author. But will Britain and World Opinion let it? Mr. Molnar is gently optimistic

THOMAS MOLNAR

Before 1960 there was not much talk of politics in Salisbury. The United Federal Party looked after the interests of the 220,000 whites, kept the black men in line, and helped work out profitable deals for the export of tobacco. Then came Harold Macmillan's speech about "the winds of change"; disorders in the Congo and Angola; the UN spotlight on apartheid. Rhodesia awoke to a threat, the sudden rise of black nationalism at home and the bitter knowledge that it could expect little support from Whitehall. Had not the Colonial Secretary, Sir Duncan Sandys, confided to Sir Roy Welensky: "We want to get rid of the blacks as soon and as completely as possible."

Events moved on. South Africa proclaimed itself a republic and left the Commonwealth. The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland broke up, with Zambia and Malawi becoming independent states. Only the status of Rhodesia remained undecided; she was a self-governing state but with foreign affairs and defense run from London. Independence could probably have been granted then without too much furore, but the Tory leaders were ignorant and fearful of African realities and Labor positively hostile. Rhodesia, said the Laborites, should not be given independence until it established a majority government, i.e. until it turned the reins of power over to the black majority. The Rhodesians pointed to the 1961 constitution, elaborated with the British—which does provide a black voting list, to be gradually enlarged as more black men become educated—and indicated that was as far as they were prepared to go.

Joshua Nkomo, the nationalist leader I visited at the time, told me: "If the whites take independence, they will have to sleep with guns under their pillows. We will harass them and drive them out."

It was a time of acute crisis. In 1961, a new party was organized. By mid-1962 the Rhodesian Front was a going political entity, and in 1963, led by a somewhat reluctant Winston Field, it won the elections in a landslide.

This was a minor news item in the Western press at the time, but a cause for major denunciation: "Extremists take over in Salisbury! They want independence under a white minority government!"

My first visit to Rhodesia coincided with the breakup of the Federation; everything seemed precarious, morale was low. In my notebook at the time I wrote: "Rhodesia is the Achilles' heel of white Africa."

Nationalists Support Smith

I revisited Salisbury a few weeks ago and found a changed, self-confident, toughened climate. The new government of Mr. Ian Smith has strong nationalist support, based not only on the sturdy farmers suddenly awakened from their colonial slumber but even more on the younger segments of the population and the town dwellers. The latter, a new breed, *feel* African, have no guilt complexes and claim to understand the black Rhodesians better than their elders. They believe independence is not only a political necessity, but a psychological requirement. Only in an independent Rhodesia, they argue, will the white man feel secure enough about his future to liberalize further his policy toward the black man, giving him a larger share in the political and economic life of the country.

Among the black Rhodesians there is less nationalistic fervor than there was two or three years ago. It was, after all, the black Rhodesians who suffered most from terrorist attacks with gasoline bombs: from arson, murder, mutilation and destruction of cattle.

Mr. Ian Smith, the Rhodesian Prime Minister, was an RAF fighter pilot, one of that handful of heroes who survived the Battle of Britain. He hides the bitterness he must feel toward Britain behind imperturbable features, the result of a facial war wound.

I questioned him on independence first. At the time of our talk, he told me that he was in correspondence with Mr. Wilson but that he was not at liberty to divulge the contents of their exchange; indeed, he was keeping the information even from his cabinet. One thing he could tell me, that the British were as anxious as the Rhodesians to bring the matter to a head. But the British are in a bind. Although technically independence is strictly a matter between London and Salisbury, some members of the Commonwealth have threatened to secede if Rhodesia remains in it; others to secede if she is allowed to go her way. The Rhodesians are ready to risk exclusion from the Commonwealth, but they are most apprehensive about a possible economic squeeze, and London is playing that card to the hilt. Ian Smith was told in the British capital a week ago that sanctions would be invoked against Rhodesia if he opted for independence (some British quarters even called for the use of force). And the British position was reinforced

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internationally by the 107 to 2 vote in the United Nations General Assembly calling on Britain to take "all steps necessary" to prevent Rhodesia's secession.

Meanwhile Salisbury is reinforcing its economic (and political ties) with South Africa and Portugal, a natural development in view of "Third Africa's" tremendous potentialities and growing industry. Exports to South Africa are up and Salisbury is establishing a consulate general in Lisbon—much to Britain's dismay.

'Third Africa' Flexing Muscles

Ian Smith's confidence in the future is well founded. Families that had left the country a few years ago are returning and new immigrants are flocking in. Most Rhodesians believe the worst excesses of the post-colonial era in Africa are now passed. Signs of this: the new sanity in U.S. policy in the Congo; South African investment in Malawi; recent reasonable statements by Kenneth Kuanda of Zambia and, even more astonishing, Dr. Hastings Banda of Malawi; the collapse of Holden Roberto's Angolan rebellion; the vigorous South African economy. My own feeling is that independence will come to Rhodesia, not merely because it deserves and demands it, but because this developing "Third Africa" is getting strong enough to have its way. The last few years have proved that while small white settlements can be uprooted by a combination of African pressure and Western softness, larger, cohesive white populations backed by political and economic force do possess staying powers. (Algeria is, of course, the one tragic exception.) Nor can Mr. Smith and the Rhodesian Front retreat now, for on their shoulders rests the survival of the entire white community.

The paramount internal question remains, of course, the relationship between the white and black communities in Rhodesia in the future. At present there is little violence to worry about. Simple police measures of isolation have sufficed to keep the radicals and bomb throwers under control. The government has no firm and settled position on race relations. Personal contacts which form the fabric of race relations are left to the discretion of individuals, owners of public establishments, schools, etc. For example, on my first visit to Salisbury, the splendid Meikle's Hotel accepted no colored guests. This time I saw several Negro clients. So it goes in hospitals (with the advent of black nurses), restaurants, bars, moviehouses, even in Parliament where racial peace has lately produced a new phenomenon: given a black and a white candidate, black voters elected the latter.

Yet these ameliorations touch only that small minority of the three million black Rhodesians who have moved to the cities and become detribalized, disoriented. In a recent interview Mr. Smith rejected apartheid as a solution for Rhodesia now. But he added that if in twenty or fifty years time it was found impossible for white and black to live together, then there might have to be new thinking on whether or not apartheid should be tried, in the form of setting up separate autonomous territories for each race.

In the colonial period tribal structure and the traditional authority of the chiefs were weakened. The urbanized black man, no longer subject to traditional authority, became uncertain and an easy prey to demagogues. Today the chiefs are felt to be a conservative force in Rhodesia. Last year, for instance, at a grand meeting in Domboshawa, the government consulted with the chiefs, who, in turn, declared for independence under the present limited voting system. But they, like the whites, would prefer a negotiated breakaway from Britain to a unilateral proclamation of independence. And they insist on a number of changes, among them a gradual move away from the Land Apportionment Act. This sets up Tribal Trust Lands on which whites may not own property, but also parcels out farmlands which only whites may own. Ultimately these divisions must go, say the chiefs, but slowly and with circumspection, otherwise white farmers, more skilled and with greater capital, could move into the reserves and out-sell or out-produce the black farmer.

The Rhodesian government regards the chiefs as the most responsible element in the black community. A number of them were even sent by the government on a world tour to see and observe for themselves how things are managed elsewhere. To Liberals, the rehabilitation of the chief may seem a backward move; South Africa's entire Bantustan policy is based on it. But many of Africa's black leaders now feel that the authority of the tribal chiefs will stand as a bar to extreme nationalist agitation which serves mainly to open the door to Chinese neocolonialism. Black officials in Salisbury have told me that at the United Nations these days it is the Asian delegates who strive to stir up Rhodesian blacks against their fellow whites; African delegates, better acquainted with the situation, and with a stake in the future of a stable Rhodesia, counsel caution. The tribal chiefs may yet emerge as Ian Smith's partners in dialogue.

With Deepest Sympathy

Dear Mr. Lippmann:
On reading the way
Indonesian Reds have gone astray,
I knew you could use a note from me
To weather this bleak catastrophe.
Alas, you scribbled: "The Orient must,
By *geography*, be a Chinese trust."
But there's still a chance your journalese
Can knock the props from the Vietnamese.
So wipe those eyes and blow your nose
And think of the things you can *still* oppose
(Like kooks who fight 14(b)'s repeal).
My condolences,
W. H. VON DREELE

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By special arrangement with the Conservative Party of New York

D MINUS ONE

SPECIAL ELECTION SUPPLEMENT

THEY'RE GOING TO PUT US RELIEFERS TO WORK! JUST BECAUSE WE'RE ABLE-BODIED THRU NO FAULT OF OUR OWN!
THEY WON'T LET US HAVE ANY MORE ILLEGITIMATE BABIES! THIS BLOW TO HUMAN DIGNITY IS THE LAST STRAW!

"Reform is impossible without offending some group" — *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

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LINDSAY ASKS, RECEIVES ADA's SUPPORT

A rude shock greeted New York Daily News readers as the paper's first post-strike edition *hit the newsstands.*

Under the byline of James Desmond, this is the story which stunned the *Daily News'* 3,000,000-plus readers that Sunday morning . . .

"Rep. John V. Lindsay, the Republican-Liberal candidate for mayor, made a precedent-shattering and successful pitch yesterday for the support of the Americans for Democratic Action in the coming election. The ADA is generally considered to represent the extreme left wing of the Democratic Party.

"Appearing before the 16th annual convention of the New York ADA at the Hotel Biltmore, Lindsay keyed his plea to an assertion that 'party is not as important as principle' in picking a city administration.

"Lindsay's bid was countered by Frank D. O'Connor, Democratic candidate for Council president, appearing as a stand-in for his party's mayoral choice, Abraham D. Beame, who does not campaign on the Sabbath.

"O'Connor charged Lindsay with pirating the Democratic ticket's basic positions on city affairs and couching them 'in the typical Republican platitudes that avoid controversial detail.'

" 'Me-too Liberalism' comes easily to Mr. Lindsay, as it has to his Republican Party," O'Connor said.

"The Conservative mayoral candidate, William F. Buckley Jr., was not invited to speak."

The only thing missing from Mr. Desmond's story was a bit of background. To wit: That when John Lindsay defended his congressional seat in the 17th District last year against Democrat Eleanor Clark French, the East Side and Greenwich Village chapters of the ADA came within *two votes* of endorsing Lindsay. This is a Republican?

Meanwhile, there were these further developments . . .

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?: The tides rise, the rains fall, the sun shines, the roaches multiply, and on October 14, 1965, the *New York Times* came out for John V. Lindsay for mayor of New York. And they said: "At this critical moment in the history of a city so sadly in need of able leadership, it is nothing short of tragic that a man like William F. Buckley, the Conservative party candidate, might get the 10% of the vote that could be just the margin needed for a Lindsay victory."

BOOLA BOOLA: Shortly before John Lindsay developed that pronounced list to port, both he and Conservative Party candidate Bill Buckley sang in ideological unison at Old Eli. Asked on a Sunday TV interview what their relationship had been, Mr. Buckley replied: "Oh, we did a little witch-hunting together one time." Pressed for details, he said there had been "a bunch of fellow travelers in the law school who tried to defend the Czechoslovakian coup and tried to keep us from joining NATO on the grounds that this was a Fascist imperialist plot. During those days, John Lindsay was rather more refreshingly concerned about that kind of thing." Mr. Lindsay, whose tactic in such situations is the indignant denial, was cautioned by the Conservative candidate. Mr. Buckley named two persons (still living) who were present at the 1948 rally, and he added: "It's too bad to have somebody deny the single glory of his past. Maybe the next thing he'll deny is that he was baptized."

MISGUIDED: Bill Buckley, whose presence on Sunday afternoon TV interviews is earning him an audience recognition-rating rivaling Crest Toothpaste, was asked why Charles Taft is soliciting funds for the Lindsay campaign. "Would you say Mr. Taft is a misguided Republican?" Mr. Buckley was asked. "Yes," he replied.

ALEX ROSE'S LAST STAND: For about 20 years, New York's Liberal Party has been affecting state and city politics. It has nudged the Democratic Party so far left, Farley Democrats feel uncomfortable, while the Al Smith variety has developed a spastic fidget. But where to go? The Republican Party offered no comfort, for it, too, has responded to the Liberals' leftward shove. (See: N. Rockefeller)

Those days are over. Like the cavalry, the Conservative Party has arrived just in time to save the whole bloody wagon train. In 1964, the Conservatives (then scarcely two years old) polled almost as many votes state-wide as the Liberals with Big Daddy a-huffin' and a-puffin' behind them. November 2nd shall be humiliation day. Edward O'Neill in the *New York Daily News* puts it: "From a long-range standpoint, a big Buckley vote will do more than hurt Lindsay. It will lead to the creation of a fourth political party here, insiders fear—one that could outdraw the Liberal Party and cause even the entrenched Democrats all kinds of trouble."

MAMA'S REVENGE: One does not attack the late Eleanor Roosevelt in New York City—even indirectly. Thus, when John Lindsay said that Democratic candidate Abe Beame "couldn't wait for the passing" of Herbert Lehman and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to "double-cross" Reform Democrats, he got it right in the mush from Sonny. Yes, within twelve hours, FDR Jr. was honking angrily about Lindsay's remarks as "one of the most despicable acts in a campaign in my memory." (Really, Mr. Roosevelt? What about the 1960 one, in West

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Virginia?) Anyway, John Lindsay at last has discovered an issue.

BURPING WITH THE TRIBUNE: It was not conceived as a burp. The *New York Herald Tribune's* straw polls were to be a series of halloas signaling the route to municipal bliss. Number one, issued while a newspaper strike persisted (affecting all but the *HT* and the *Post*) was a shock. It showed Mr. Lindsay a full 10% behind the Beame Team. It also showed Mr. Buckley with a passel of votes totaling over 10%. Plaintively, the *HT* noted: "If Mr. Buckley were out of the race and all of his votes were transferred to Mr. Lindsay, the fusion candidate would be leading Mr. Beame by 0.1%."

Enter, suddenly, voter analyst Samuel Lubell in the first post-strike edition of the *World-Telegram & Sun*. "Lindsay has been losing ground steadily," Mr. Lubell noted in his famous, flat prose. "A week ago he still seemed to hold a slight lead over Beame among the persons interviewed up to then. As of yesterday, though, he has slipped about 4 to 5 percentage points behind Beame, with Buckley drawing 12% of those interviewed, while 6% are still undecided." This trend was recently confirmed with the *Tribune's* Poll #2, showing Lindsay still slipping, Beame gaining, and Bill Buckley up to 13.6%. Thus the halloa, which became a burp, shows signs of developing into a belch beyond the aid of aspirin or Sal Hepatica.

WHO'S AN OLD FOGY? Not us Conservatives. Speaking at the Party's third anniversary dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, David Jaquith, the Conservative who took on Nelson Rockefeller in 1962, recalled: "I threw my lot in with the Conservatives and expected to find a group of elderly people. Instead, I found youth. Did you know that among the 137 candidates we're running in NYC races November 2, the average age is 29?" No, candidate for Council President Rosemary Gunning was not aware of this, and she expressed "much pleasure" on hearing the news.

SPEAKING OF MONEY: James Buckley, Conservative Party Campaign Manager and brother of the future mayor, filed the required form listing campaign contributions. The total to date: about $75,000. This compares with an admitted one and a half million for the "fresh" candidate, and God only knows how much from the clubhouses for Abe Beame. It is rumored that Bill Buckley is already working on a book tentatively titled: "From Shoestring to Mayor."

OUR FAVORITE: It's the 23rd Assembly District in the Borough of Queens. The second wave *Tribune* poll breaks the District's voting down like this: 29.5% for Lindsay; 29.4% for Beame, and a big fat 33.3% for Buckley.

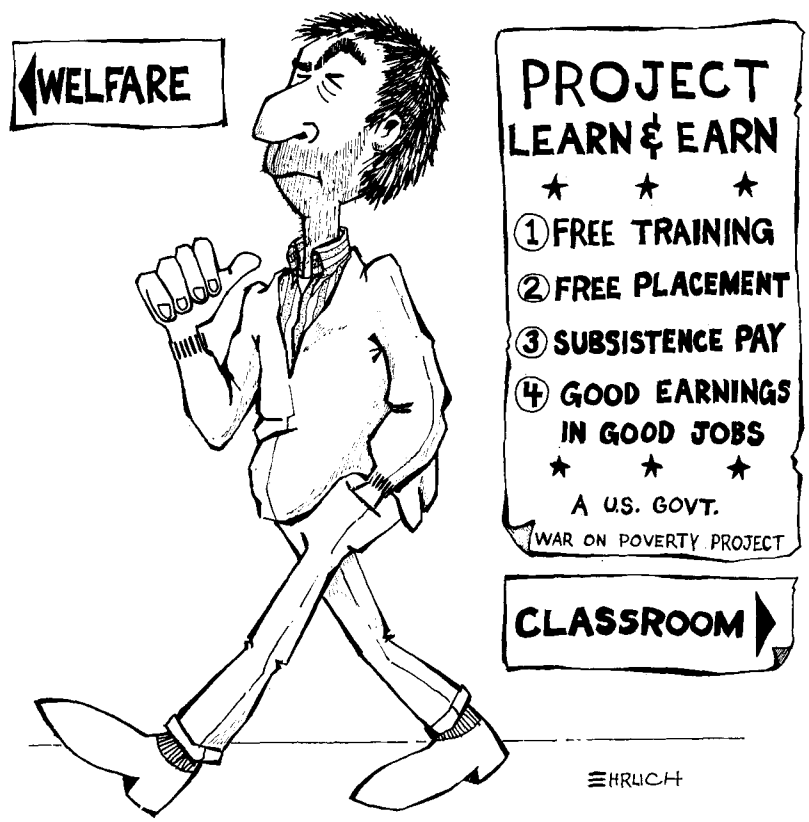
ENTHUSIASM, UNLIMITED: A few days ago, Denis Carey's "Jackson Heights Youth-for-Buckley" opened in the Borough of Queens. Mr. Carey has a regular staff of ten, with about 40 high school and college volunteers. When queried, Buckley-for-Mayor Headquarters in Manhattan was uncertain how many store fronts such as Mr. Carey's exist. "They're growing so fast, it's hard to say," they said, "but a good guess would be about 33." Mr. Carey's group is determined to round up every Buckley vote come November 2. "We're arranging for baby sitters. I think we can do better than the 320,000 Mr. Gerosa polled out here," he said. After he said it, suddenly John Lindsay seemed to turn into a pillar of salt . . . or was it a puddle of butter? (No, that was Little Black Sambo.) Anyway, he *vanished.*

"New York is a Summer Festival"

Mayor Robert F. Wagner

Bolt the door and shoot the lock;
Someone's screaming down the block.
Dress discreetly; walk in pairs.
Stay away from public squares.
Take a taxi to your date:
Subways, never, *after eight.*
(Once, a gal of 53
Lost it, on the BMT.)
Pack a whistle; pack a gun.
If you're undecided: run.
Do not pause to dance or dine—
Run right past that city line!
And, hereafter, lady, shun
Big Town for your summer fun.

W. H. von Dreele, Editor



"The Job Corps's OK for kids, but I've got a habit to support."

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WHERE WE'VE BEEN AND WHERE WE'RE GOING

J. Daniel Mahoney, Conservative Party State Chairman, and Kieran O'Doherty, the Party's City Campaign Chairman, take a squint at the campaign at mid-point and come up smiling.

With the election around the corner, pros in New York anticipate a very strong showing by Bill Buckley. Estimates for the Buckley vote range anywhere from 150,000 to 500,000, the latter figure—admittedly optimistic—is predicted by Conservatives on the basis of the 800,000 votes cast for Senator Goldwater by New York City voters in 1964.

Early returns in polls by the *Herald Tribune* and Samuel Lubell have Buckley in the 11-12% range (or about 300,000 of the estimated 2,500,000 vote total) and gaining strength with each day's new returns. A private poll arriving on Lyndon Johnson's desk three days before he entered Bethesda Naval Hospital for surgery pegged the Buckley vote at 15% of the total. New York City residents pressing their preference in the *Daily News's World's Fair* Opinion Poll, had, as of October 13, marked an astonishing 8,175 out of 24,451 ballots for Buckley, or 33% of the total.

All the polls and political forecasts seem to bear out at least one striking conclusion: the three-year-old Conservative Party is about to eclipse the twenty-year-old Liberal Party as the "swing" force in New York City politics.

According to veteran pollster Samuel Lubell, Lindsay is losing up to 50% of the Republican vote in samplings throughout the city. What were the weaknesses of the Lindsay performance that had Republicans throughout New York City flocking to the Conservative Party standard in such numbers?

Lindsay started, of course, with a long record of un-Republican activity. His congressional record has been totally oriented towards left-liberal programs. In debate after debate during the campaign, Lindsay has trumpeted his gratitude for the fountain pens tendered by a grateful Lyndon Johnson.

Lindsay's sneering repudiation of Barry Goldwater in 1964 was another major element in alienating regular Republicans from his candidacy. The 800,000 New Yorkers who stood fast behind the national ticket in 1964 could scarcely warm up to a "Republican" candidate who took a walk when party regularity was so desperately needed.

And then there was Lindsay's love affair with the Left during the mayoralty campaign itself. Having announced his total disenchantment with the Wagner Administration as his putative reason for entering the race, Lindsay was soon suing for the support of Wagner's allies, the bosses of the Liberal Party, Alex Rose and David Dubinsky. Hungry for an even greater slice of City Hall patronage than Wagner had bestowed in 1961, the Liberal Party was offered an increase in patronage from 15% to 33%. How to say no to this? They didn't; but boarded the Lindsay ticket on June 30, dragging their stooges behind them.

The *New York Times* provided benefit of clergy: "The endorsement was a logical step for the Liberal Party; Mr. Lindsay is wholly compatible with Liberal ideology. No Democratic candidate is more so."

For those unfortunates who maintained a stubborn faith in Lindsay's vestigial Republicanism, there was a) the endorsement of Lindsay by the New York chapter of Americans for Democratic Action; b) the warm embrace of Wechsler's left-left *New York Post;* c) the naming of Liberal Party State Chairman Timothy Costello and Wagner aide Milton Mollen to the Lindsay ticket; d) the adoption by Lindsay of Liberal "musts," from civilian review boards to free tuition for city colleges to increased minimum wages.

However, the explanation for the Buckley showing is not to be found in any mere catalogue of Lindsay bloopers. These gaffes had to be exposed, and their significance for the future of the Republican Party articulated, if the Conservative Party was to make meaningful inroads into the normal Republican vote.

The major question mark, at the outset of the Buckley campaign, was whether Buckley would be able to establish a close rapport with the electorate of New York City. There was no doubt that the Buckley campaign would provide major copy for the newshounds and pundits who make New York City the communications capital of the world. There remained the question whether that publicity, communicated and shaped by a generally hostile press, would mobilize voters behind the Conservative Party. It did, and the reasons for this success are fascinating.

First of all, the Conservative Party has been working for three years to build a strong political organization

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throughout New York State, and especially in the downstate New York area. The Party has stressed major conservative positions, cogently but reasonably articulated, and has fled kookery wherever it surfaced. The combination of patient political spadework and reasoned conservative positions built the party into an effective and vigorous political organization. Dividends have been especially rich in New York City, where the Party's vote leaped from 50,104 in 1962 to 119,971 in 1964.

Furthermore, the metropolitan New York area has had nests of conservative strength all through the postwar era. The exuberant crowds that flocked into Madison Square Garden for conservative rallies bear witness to this. Literally millions have been influenced by the common sense displayed daily on the editorial page of the *New York Daily News*.

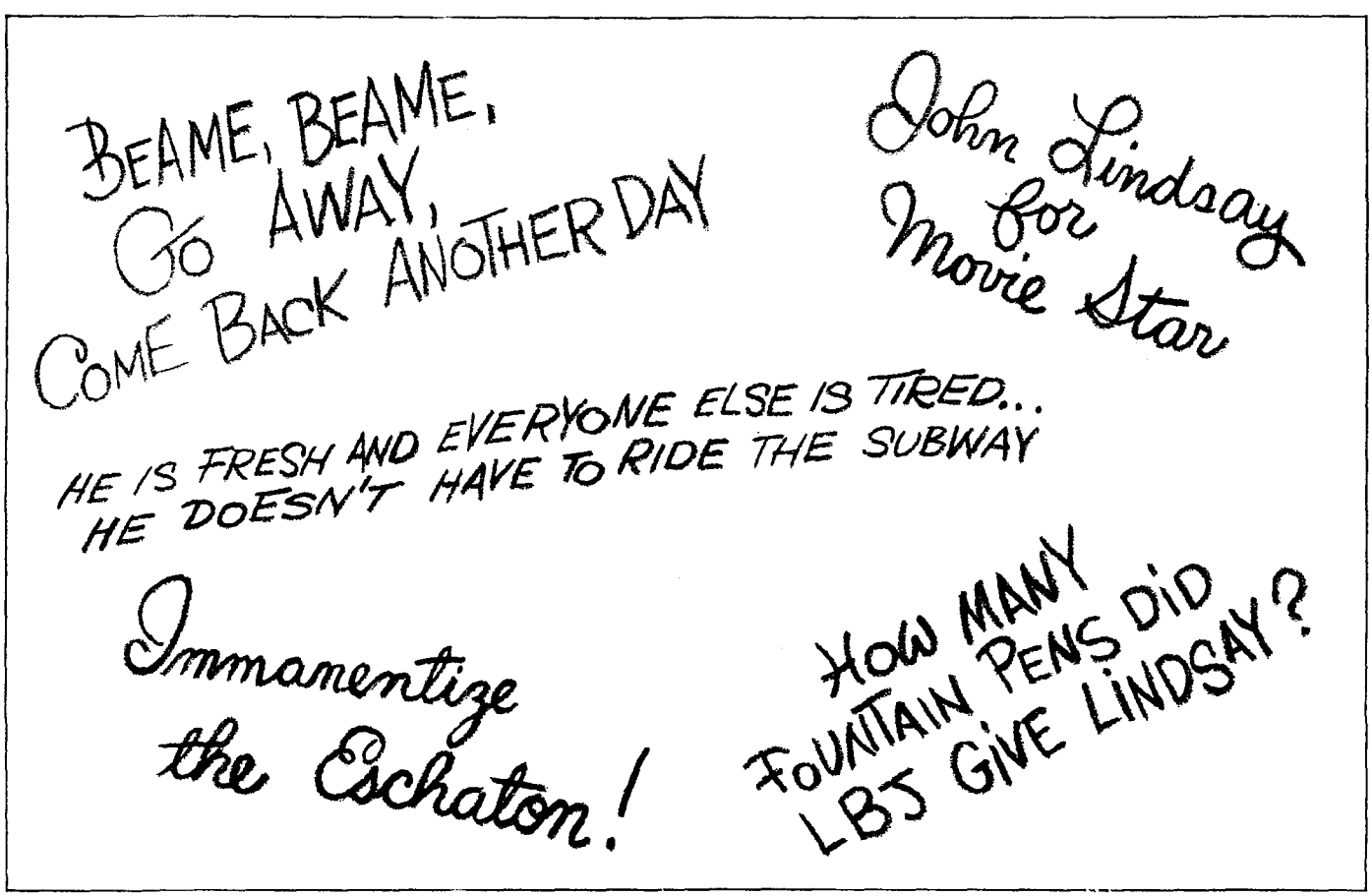
The Buckley ticket is also blessed with two stalwart and respected performers: Rosemary Gunning, the leading spirit of the "neighborhood school" battle in New York City last year; and Hugh Markey, a no-nonsense businessman whose 1963 campaign as the Conservative Party candidate for councilman-at-large from Staten Island netted a whopping 14.3% of the total vote cast. And throughout New York City, there are 127 local Conservative Party candidates putting their shoulders to the Buckley wheel.

The verdict is clear: Buckley has caught on. Listen to *Journal-American* TV columnist Jack O'Brian, for example, appraising the sheer entertainment value of the Buckley performance: "Bill Buckley is giving TV a smarter, fresher, slyer, slicker, more articulate series of socio-political eyeswats than all of TV's so-called topical comedians harassing viewers; certainly he's more effective as the TV conscience of both Republicans and Democrats, and especially of John Lindsay, than 'That Was The Week That Was' attempted in its distended TV inanities . . . Mostly spokesmen for either the Left or Right tend to be solemn asses: Buckley's sin is to be entertaining, with a wild serio-comic instinct for the jugular, doing his most glorious dirty work with a smile."

Then again, there was the widely viewed three-way debate over CBS on September 26, with moderator Mort Dean advising Bill Buckley that he had "another moment if you care to comment," and Buckley replying: "No, I think I'll just contemplate the great eloquence of my previous remarks." But there is more, much more, than mere entertainment in the Buckley performance. While the Buckley personality captures the attention of the New York electorate, his obvious sincerity makes them converts.

Here, then, is a New York City mayoral candidate who disregards all the shibboleths of Gotham politics—from blintz-eating to subsidized subways. Here are solidly reasoned positions on city finances and the crime rate, courageous advocacy of a one-year residence requirement for welfare recipients; staunch opposition to a civilian review board to hamper and harry the police; unmitigated support for the "neighborhood school" system; and delivered with the most elegant diction since John Barrymore.

These positions strike a responsive chord with the solid people: the homeowners, the parents, the workers, who are the only real hope for a healthy and vibrant New York City. In amazing numbers, they are responding to the Buckley candidacy as the only hope for a better New York.



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Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

HARLEM IS IN NEW YORK CITY

The Conservative Party's candidate for mayor offers this fact, free, to Messrs. Beame and Lindsay, who, whenever the subject comes up, tend to vanish from the studio in a cloud of integrated dust.

Prudence is, as the catechism teaches, a virtue. It doesn't happen to be the virtue I am myself best at. But I do greatly honor it, and do believe that prudence plays, or ought to play, an important role even in the development of paradigmatic political platforms, such as the Conservative Party's has sought to be. A newspaper editor in New York wrote a few weeks ago an editorial in which he admitted that he felt constrained to agree with "Mr. Buckley"—he meant myself, not the gentleman in the Bronx who used to go by the same name—that Mr. Lindsay's platform for the economic rejuvenation of New York City was an immoderate exercise in nothingness. So far, said the editor, only Mr. Buckley, of all the candidates, has come out with "meaningful proposals, many of them of course rash, because as a minority candidate he can afford to be rash." I wrote to the editor and told him that I am in fact even more anxious than either of the two underdog candidates—by the laws of deduction, I am the favorite candidate—anxious not to make any rash proposals. Of all the candidates, I said in my letter, I am the *most* anxious not to make any rash proposals, because I have, looking over my shoulders, not only the voters, but also my muse; to whose service I have been devoted for lo these many years.

I am, then, against rash proposals. My God, I sound like John Lindsay! Although I suppose he'd have added, "On the other hand, society must take its share of responsibility for the plight of rash proposals. I have a fountain pen given to me by President Johnson after signing the Act, which I cosponsored, to provide better living conditions for rash proposals." But seriously (a word I have come to loathe, because it is related to the word nonserious), I have attempted to avoid rashness, a splendid example of which is Mr. Lindsay's pledge that, on being elected, he would touch his wand on the City and end the housing problem.

I have been very much interested in some of the paradoxes and ironies that have emerged in the course of the campaign. One of these relates to the whole business of what goes under the name of "racism." New York is said to be racially the most sensitive city in the world; and yet I do not at this point know whether to believe this, or whether not to believe it, or, in any case, how to understand what is meant by "racism."

Back a few weeks ago, when John Lindsay was looking for a Democrat to fill out his ticket, there was considerable speculation as to who he would be, there being agreement only on the single proposition that he would most certainly be Jewish. Why? Because Mr. Lindsay is Protestant, Mr. Costello is Irish: therefore, the Third Man had to be either Italian or Jewish. However—I give you the analysis, even as published, by the professionals—since Mr. Lindsay is depending very heavily on enticing a great number of Jewish voters, and since the Italians are mostly Catholic, and are therefore represented religiously through the medium, however imperfect, of Mr. Costello:—it followed that the Third Man would be Jewish. And thus it went in constructing Mr. Beame's ticket, too.

The Conservative ticket is composed of three Catholics. I know many will find it unbelievable, but let me tell you the truth: that I was not aware that Mrs. Gunning was a Catholic until I read that indeed that is what she is, in the blaring headline of the *Herald Tribune*'s heavy reference to our party's "unbalanced ticket."

The other candidates, sensitive as they are to ethnic sensibilities, do not dare to acknowledge that there is in fact a problem in New York of a kind which cannot be effectively diagnosed, except insofar as a racial vocabulary needs to be used. There is, for instance, a special problem of illegitimacy and broken homes among Negroes in certain areas of New York. But to mention this would appear, to judge from the prevailing silence on the subject, to say things which are racially invidious. The paradox is intellectually striking. On the one hand, the Liberals are committed to the proposition that protracted unemployment, discrimination, and the historical emasculation of the Negro male by the white community have caused the phenomenon of the broken home (an historical analysis with which, by the way, I happen substantially to agree); yet, on the other hand, they seem to be saying that to mention the fact of Negro illegitimacy is to insinuate that Negroes are racially disposed to that special weakness. What they say, then, is: White people are responsible for producing situation X. However, situation X does not exist.

Why are they afraid, having firmly advanced the first position, to acknowledge the data which in fact substantiate their own findings? Namely, that there are tragic results from generations of discrimination?

But mention the fact that Negro illegitimacy is a grave social problem, mention such a thing in front of, say, Mr. Beame and Mr. Lindsay, and they will either simply vanish from the room in a cloud of integrated

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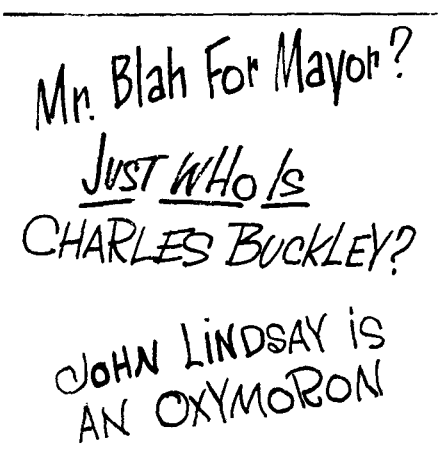
dust; or else they will turn and call *you* a racist! The very same gentlemen who believe that you can't *hope* to appeal to a Catholic voter unless you present yourself alongside a Catholic running-mate; who believe that no Jew in New York will vote for you unless you prop up a Jewish running-mate and show him off, and chew away on a blintz, morning, noon, and night; these same gentlemen are pleased to condemn as racist those who could not care less what is the race, or the religion, of those who appear on the ticket; or who do not for a moment suppose that merely because a family is Negro, there is a congenital disposition to promiscuity.

Consider, for instance, the situation in Harlem. How are we supposed to describe that problem? If we are having consulted our atlases, entitled to generalize that Harlem is an area in which, predominantly, Negroes live, mustn't we then be prepared to say that Harlem's problems are, to that extent, problems which Negroes particularly face? What is the conservative position as regards such problems? It is, so far as I can see, a problem which is to a relevant extent, a "Negro problem." It is a problem that cannot be intelligibly specified unless we are willing to use words which the politicians, because they fancy themselves as anti-racist, are unwilling to use.

You have here the dilemma. It consists in declining to face certain problems of racial significance on the grounds that to face them in their capacity as problems of racial significance for some reason makes you a racist. What needs to be said, for instance as regards Harlem, cannot be said unless one is prepared to defy the tabus, and speak about the Negroes as a group of people who do have special problems which are not exhaustively enumerated merely by cataloguing the long record of white inhumanity to the Negro race.

What needs to be said is something of the following order. 1) The Negroes in the United States, and in Harlem, suffer from accumulated indignities and privations which we as white people are to a considerable extent responsible for. We need to go on to say, 2) We are required to believe, as conservatives who accept the fact of the brotherhood of man because we are creatures of God, that the Negro is in the most important respects the equal of every one of us. We must say, 3) that inasmuch as it is the case that the Negro is especially disadvantaged in our society as a result of his oppressive legacy, then it is our duty to do what we can to liquidate those artificial disadvantages. But if we are prepared to admit that we are responsible for producing an undesirable situation, then are we not committed to acknowledging that an undesirable situation exists? To acknowledge, for instance, that the crime rate, and the illegitimacy rate, among Negroes is higher than among non-Negroes.

An example. Mr. Daniel P. Moynihan, a Catholic Liberal Democrat (I give his religious and ideological pedigree only because there are those who would find it relevant, even though I do not), and Mr. Nathan Glazer, a Jewish Liberal, wrote in their remarkable book, *Beyond the Melting Pot*, that the situation in Harlem was dire and dreadful, and that the moment has come when, the government's competence in these matters having been largely exhausted, leaders of the Negro people must take on the responsibility of helping their own people and dispelling the illusion that what is left to do is primarily up to the white man to do. To effect that transfer of power requires that our politicians cease to be contemptuous of the Negro race. This is the subtle face of racism in New York politics, reflected in the notion that a political ticket must be racially balanced. We must transcend the subtle racism imbedded in the rituals of New York politics. Recently Mr. Sargent Shriver said at a public congressional hearing, "I am delighted to be in any cathedral where the distinguished minister from Harlem, Mr. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., is in the pulpit." Here is an involuted form of racism. It is the short form for: "Even though I, Sargent Shriver, know, and everybody else knows, that Adam Clayton Powell Jr. is a demagogue, whose power and reputation have been built on a cultivation of hatred between the races, nevertheless he is a Negro leader, and therefore I must treat him as though he were a qualified object of universal admiration."



I say that the moment has come to treat the problem maturely, to say that the racists are those who treat people primarily as members of a race. One of the principal burdens visited upon the Negroes in Harlem, the fact of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., is hardly of the making of white people, which we are hardly responsible for except insofar as it can be maintained that we continue to be responsible for him because such persons as Sargent Shriver hypocritically sing his praises, and such persons as John Lindsay, who accost us, dripping with moral credentials, and decline to utter a word of criticism of such as Mr. Powell. I say: let us not only do what we can, individually and corporately, to help the Negro people by acts of individual generosity. Let us also help those many Negroes who deeply desire a helping hand in the establishment of standards of decency and hope hardly furnished by our treatment of Adam Clayton Powell as though he were a cherished part of the New York skyline.

We Conservatives say, in short, that the Negroes have especially aggravated problems. Those problems are in part of our making. But those problems are in part of the making of Negro demagogues, and of the Negroes who tolerate them. We need not only a reformation of the attitude of whites towards Negroes, we need a reformation in the attitude of some Negroes towards Negroes. Let us move towards a chivalrous candor, based on a respect for the essential equality of human beings, which recognizes reality and speaks to reality; and disdains those synthetic and reactionary attitudes toward races and religions the symbol of which is the balanced ticket, and the great silence about conditions in Harlem.

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REPORTING THE CAMPAIGN

A look backward reveals that, with one or two glaring exceptions, those reporter chaps aren't such a difficult lot after all.

W. H. von Dreele

Way back when New York's mayoral race suddenly became three-cornered, novelist John O'Hara gave a thought to the press and how it would treat the Buckley candidacy. His worry: "Buckley will provide newsworthy items. Whether the newspapers and the radio-TV people will give him coverage is another matter."

As any New Yorker with a TV, or a radio, or ten cents knows, John O'Hara's concern has evaporated in a cloud of Buckley-for-Mayor publicity.

One thing reporters can't resist is good copy. For the past eight weeks or so, Bill Buckley has been pouring, ladling, splashing, and generally sloshing the New York press with copy so good that even the *New York Post* has picked up an occasional *mot*. But, alas, what was printed to demonstrate Mr. Buckley's levity has revealed evidence of his serious intent. So that the *New York Herald Tribune*, whose lust for a Lindsay victory has compromised the credibility of its campaign news stories for the duration, is, nevertheless, compelled to announce to its readers with a regularity which may *yet* send John Hay Whitney to a rest home: "Lindsay Is Slipping."

To discover the barometric pressure surrounding Bill Buckley, one of the best instruments to consult is Murray Kempton. Mr. Kempton appears in the *New York World-Telegram & Sun*. During the first few weeks of September, he found the Conservative candidate amusing, and Lindsay vacuous. He enjoyed Mr. Buckley's contention that the only difference between Abe Beame and John Lindsay was "biological."

Then came the first polls—with Bill Buckley bobbing around 10%. Then came the big change. Responding to a recent Buckley suggestion that the city combat crime by offering "enticing bounties for informers," Mr. Kempton wrote: "So, until now, you and I were presumably the sort of persons who would watch an old lady get mugged in the street and do nothing about it because there was nothing in it for us. But now Bill Buckley will put something in it for us. He would redeem the bad citizen by making him a good bounty-hunter."

As the days passed and the polls showed a slow but steady climb in the Conservative column, the Liberal community became increasingly restive. Marya Mannes, whose verse used to enliven the leaden pages of the *Reporter* Magazine, found an appropriate outlet in the *New York Post's* Letters column. "As a native New Yorker and long-term Democrat, I believe that John Lindsay not only understands the city's massive problems, but has the strength and vision . . ." That sort of thing.

This had been preceded by the master himself: editorial page editor James A. Wechsler. Just a short quote here, since the paper stock isn't fireproof: "When Buckley emerges as the stalwart foe of any system of civilian police review, when he decries President Johnson's approval of immigration reform, when he clamors for a relief-residence requirement, when he suggests that John Lindsay is soft on communism, when he chooses as a running mate the head of the anti-integration Parents and Taxpayers Association, he knows exactly what he is doing. Despite all his derisive assaults on 'bloc voting,' he is demagogically appealing for the support of the old right-wing Coughlinite faction of the Catholic Church and middle-class bigots of all faiths. His 'ethnic appeal' is pure white."

Well! Before we leave the badlands, let's take a further step leftward and see what effect the polls have had on the *Worker*. Mike Darrow writes in a Sunday edition: "The Conservative party should not be underestimated. It polled more than 200,000 votes in 1964. It has recently gathered around it considerable support from a coalition of racist and reactionary forces extending from PAT to the Police Department. Buckley's popularity among our 'finest' is no secret."

Time to come up for air. The *New York Journal-American* supports Democrat Abe Beame for mayor, but its columns and columnists have been friendly to the Buckley-Gunning-Markey ticket. Writing of a Lindsay Richard Nixon may have to face, William S. White observes: "John Lindsay is running away from, rather than for, the Republican Party. Lindsay's campaign for mayor of New York City is painfully un-Republican in the organizational sense and wildly un-Republican in the ideological sense. In truth, his victory there would be far more a triumph for urban ultra-Liberalism, as represented by the Liberal Party of New York, than for any possible shading of Republicanism. All the same, if Lindsay should win in that traditionally Democratic city, he would be a great power at the Republican convention in '68. Success does not merely speak; it shouts. And Lindsay's success in New York, however obtained, would shout loudly in 1968 to a Republican Party facing the formidable Lyndon Johnson and, in a mood to try most anything, would accept most any kind of party heresy, so long as it would put into the field a ticket, however dubiously 'Republican' in simple fact, that had any possibility of winning."

At this writing, the *New York Daily News* has endorsed no candidate. But certainly the Conservative Party must have a most-favored-nation agreement with it. Edward O'Neill writes in his column "City Hall": "Strategists for John V. Lind-

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say, the Republican-Liberal candidate for mayor, devised a simple defense tactic for their man against acid-tongued Conservative William F. Buckley Jr. at the start of the present campaign. The defense gimmick? Ignore him. Now, however, they're asking themselves in shocked whispers: 'How do you ignore a man who appears well on his way to picking up some 400,000 to 500,000 votes on Election Day?'

"The answer? You don't—not any more. Particularly not with the Buckley total now shaping up as the predicted vote difference between Lindsay and Democratic Abraham D. Beame, with Lindsay on the short end of the count."

Mr. O'Neill continues: "So, in the closing weeks of the campaign, look for Lindsay, who has been treating Buckley like the little man who isn't there, to direct fire on his Conservative rival.

"But why was the mistake — and everyone now concedes that it was one—made in the first place?" Mr. O'Neill is quite candid:

"Actually, it's felt, the strategists can't be held too much at fault. No one—and this goes for the so-called experts — dreamed that Buckley's appeal would be as widespread as it now appears to be.

"And no one predicted a newspaper shutdown that would play directly into Buckley's hands. In one of the other remaining news media, television, Buckley is admittedly without equal.

"Love him or hate him," Mr. O'Neill concludes, "TV fans found it difficult to turn off a master political showman. His rolling eyes, deft handling of the English language and razor-sharp debating techniques were exciting to watch. Even tall, handsome and personable Lindsay found himself being upstaged time and time again."

And so, the Third Estate. On balance, the Conservative Party has received a good press. Representing a party with but $75,000 in the kitty at the campaign's start, Bill Buckley has pried a delicious amount of prime TV time from the networks — at their request. Though the *New York Times* may call him a clear and present danger, it doesn't seem to matter anymore. And that is a giant comment all by itself.

From La Tribune de Genève —the New York Times of Southern Europe
OR: Thank God for Telstar!

On Lindsay
(the Kennedy Comparison)

"With his carefree forelock, looking a youthful forty, he makes women's heads turn as he passes by. He has eloquence, humor, authority, culture (he speaks French fluently), a burning spirit, a sense for the telling phrase and the ringing response to embarassing questions, a passion for history (at Yale he devoted his thesis to Cromwell); he is an amateur boatsman, skater, tennis player, swimmer; he has a charming wife, photogenic children, an overwhelming presence which shatters the television screen, and a brilliant war record behind him. . . and even the same first name: John."

On Buckley

"The indignant Goldwater Republicans immediately rendered John Lindsay the inestimable service of opposing him with a list of ultras under the direction of that same William Buckley who a short time ago called good Pope John XXIII, 'that fellow traveling foreigner.' "

Nora Sayre, in the New Statesman, October 15, 1965

". . . . During a recent television debate, viewers who disrelish Mr. Buckley's beliefs rocked with joy as he made Republican candidate Lindsay and Democratic candidate Beame seem equally imprecise. . . . On my set, the image was distorted, so that each candidate's *doppelgänger* stared over his shoulder. Yet the picture was somewhat mysteriously clarified when Mr. Buckley's battered elfin face appeared—perhaps it was celestial intervention. Aesthetically, Buckley rather resembles an art nouveau lampshade: so outrageous as to be endearing. . . ."

"They get the legislation. All we ever got was the cavalry."

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Final fortnight: campaign takes unexpected turn. What had started out as Lindsay-Beame foot race for Jewish votes turning into Lindsay-Buckley duel to death for registered Republican votes . . . Bob Price, Lindsay's miracle-working campaign manager (he's won every political battle he's ever been in, including last-minute save for Rockefeller in '64 Oregon primary), reportedly ousted as top strategist of Lindsay brain trust. Job in last three weeks being handled—behind the scenes—by that old King-unmaker, Herbert Brownell Jr. (of Dewey-Nixon fame). It's Brownell, insiders say, who decided Lindsay should aim final blockbusters of campaign at Buckley . . . First Roman candle to misfire was (Rep. Lib.) Timothy Costello's—that a vote for Buckley was a vote for "anti-Catholicism." (Commented James Farley: "Anyone who injects religion into the campaign is making a mistake. I think Mr. Buckley [in his answer] took care of Mr. Costello very well.") . . . Pols think true aim of Costello could have been to anger big Catholic population in Queens—much of which was predisposed to vote for Beame running mate Frank O'Connor (another RC)—and throw some of the votes to Buckley . . . Shrill Lindsay attacks on Boss Buckley (Chas.) also other-directed, according to the pros. True purpose is to drive wedge between Bronx Jewish and Catholic blocs.

Manhattan Center rally, Oct. 21, run by Dorothy Rea, who doubles (when time permits) as NR Production Editor, had to turn away overflow crowds. Even bigger success if possible (well, Staten Island is smaller than Manhattan) rally organized by Maria Monplaisir, who put on biggest political show of all time on Staten Island, charged admission, gave away free beer, and drew crowds four times bigger than those attending Lindsay or Beame rallies . . . During October, 32 store fronts Buckley-Gunning-and-Markey were opened in five boroughs . . . N.Y. Times, reporting on bustling Buckley for Mayor operation on W. 45th St., commented: ". . . it is run by mint-new crowd of right-wingers: young men and women who are bright, stylish, spirited, well-schooled, articulate, attractive to get along with—suggesting a sort of 'New Frontier' elite of the political Right." Among the bright, stylish, spirited, etc. should be singled out: Jane Metze, Neal Freeman, (keeper of the body of the candidate), Regina Kelly, James Bentley, Arthur and Debbie Andersen, Joanne Montikos.

Quick rundown of the press. Well done, to N.Y. Times for its coverage of mayoral race . . N.Y. Post scheduled major series feature pieces on race for final two weeks of campaign: week one devoted to Beame; week two to Lindsay (no mention of Buckley) . . . Communist Worker (published in N.Y.) managed not to mention Buckley until early October, then characterized him only as "aristocratic racist." . . . Daily News gave Buckley good play . . . World-Telegram, Journal-American coverage has been mezzo-mezzo with exception of J-A TV commentator Jack O'Brian to whose funnybone Bill Buckley (fastest draw in the East) got early in the campaign . . . Herald Tribune slipped up: on Oct. 16 it failed to plug Lindsay editorially for first time in a fortnight.

BULLETIN BOARD

Activities of Conservative Candidates

OCT. 24 (Sun.):
William F. Buckley Jr., "New York Report," WOR-TV, 10:30-11:00 P.M.
William F. Buckley Jr., "Let's Find Out," CBS Radio, 12:05-12:30 P.M.
Rosemary Gunning Moffett, "A Statement," CBS-TV, 1:30-1:45 P.M.

OCT. 25 (Mon.):
William F. Buckley Jr., John Lindsay, "Merv Griffin Show," WPIX-TV, 11:00 P.M.-12:30 A.M.

OCT. 26 (Tues.):
William F. Buckley Jr., "Talk of New York," CBS Radio, 3:15-4:00 P.M. William F. Buckley Jr., John Lindsay, Abraham Beame, Channel 13, 8:30-10:00 P.M. (Repeat: Wed. Oct. 27: 10:30-12:00 P.M.
Fri. Oct. 29: 3:30- 5:00 P.M.

OCT. 28 (Thurs.):
William F. Buckley Jr., John Lindsay, Abraham Beame, debate, CBS-Radio, 4:00-5:00 P.M.

OCT. 30 (Sat.):
William F. Buckley Jr., Hugh Markey, Rosemary Gunning Moffett, Rally. Sponsor: Queens County Conservative Party. Sunnyside Gardens, Queens Blvd. & 43rd St., Sunnyside. 8:30 P.M.*

OCT. 31 (Sun.):
Buckley, Lindsay and Beame city-wide slates. "Direct Line," NBC-TV, 12:00-1:00 P.M.
William F. Buckley Jr., John Lindsay, Abraham Beame. Debate. NBC-TV, 1:30-2:05 P.M.

*For reservations, price of tickets, information on rally, contact your local Conservative club or Buckley-for-Mayor Headquarters, 25 West 45th St. Tel: 974-3838. Also for information on Buckley-for-Mayor Store Front nearest you.

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Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat

The Conservatives are still the stupid party, as witness the mess right-wing schismatics are making in New Jersey and Virginia

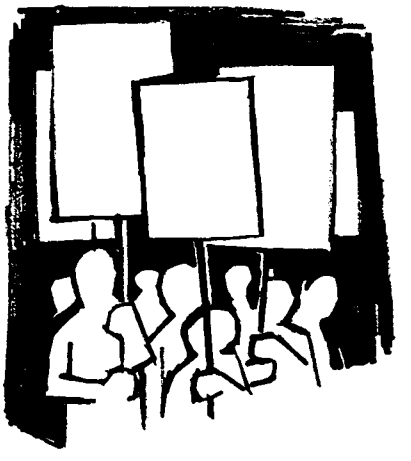
EDWARD J. BELL

For conservatives, the New Jersey gubernatorial race at first seemed like a bad dream. Governor Richard Hughes, the incumbent, is a routine Liberal politician. And the Republican primary June 1 was won (narrowly) by State Senator Wayne Dumont, a "moderate" Republican who supported Scranton last year and would probably do so again as head of New Jersey's convention delegation in 1968. His conservative primary opponent, State Senate President Charles Sandman, was defeated as a result of Birchite and other far Right votes cast against him and in favor of one Harold P. Poeschel, who had decided that Sandman (a preconvention supporter of Barry Goldwater) was not Right enough. This procedure was nothing new to New Jersey's far Right. Earlier in the year, their convention votes had ousted, in favor of a "moderate," the incumbent conservative president of New Jersey's Young Republicans, Richard Plechner.

Genovese Issue White-Hot

So, thanks to the Birchites and their fellow schismatics, the race this year seemed condemned to Tweedledom. Then on July 1, Rutgers University (a state institution) announced the promotion of Assistant Professor of History Eugene D. Genovese to associate professor, a position which carries academic tenure. Two months earlier, in an April 23 "teach-in" on Vietnam, Professor Genovese had addressed his audience as follows: "Those of you who know me know that I am a Marxist and a Socialist. Therefore, unlike most of my distinguished colleagues here this morning, I do not fear or regret the impending Vietcong victory in Vietnam. I welcome it." This fond wish received some attention in the New Jersey press at the time but it was not until Professor Genovese's promotion that the issue came to a head. The Young Republicans instantly demanded Genovese's removal from the faculty.

Governor Hughes replied that to remove him would be a violation of



academic freedom. Republican Dumont sprang to the defense of the YRs, maintaining that employment by the state is a privilege, not a right, and that "welcoming" a U. S. military defeat borders dangerously on treason. Whereupon Hughes, reflexively, one assumes, charged his Republican opponent with "McCarthyism."

The Genovese issue has burned white-hot ever since. It has obscured all other questions in the campaign, and it escalated when another professor (from a private institution) journeyed to Rutgers to second Dr. Genovese's Best Wishes to the Vietcong. Earlier this year, the election of Dumont seemed a second-priority goal (second, of course, to the enthronement of John Lindsay) to New York-area Liberal Republicans, and therefore to the Eastern press (which supports Liberal Republicans whenever feasible). But since his stand against the promotion of Genovese, Dumont has undergone official anathematization. Senator Clifford Case, an early Dumont supporter, dissociated himself from his candidate's stand. "Senator Dumont," intoned the previously friendly *New York Times*, "appears incapable of grasping the basic principle of academic freedom." James Wechsler of the *New York Post* discerned two or three somewhat more cosmic issues at stake. ". . . what would have been an unhistoric state battle has been transformed into a sanity test for the New Jersey electorate. Its outcome will be viewed as a clue to the national condition, and to the secret strength of the Birchite spirit." Governor Hughes, in a particularly graceful metaphor, portrayed Senator Dumont as a vampire preying on the blood of the American soldiers who have died in Vietnam.

Although most of the state's conservatives have now swung behind Dumont—on the eminently sensible ground that, whatever Dumont's politics within the GOP, he has taken the right side of the issue on which the election's importance will be assessed—the same rightist schismatics who defeated Sandman and ousted Plechner are now out to get Dumont. Running under the aegis of the Conservative Party of New Jersey, gubernatorial candidate Robert Schlacter may, in the event of a close race, draw off enough votes to re-elect Hughes (and, in effect, retain Genovese). It is in vain that fellow conservatives have tried to argue that the election of Dumont (unlike, say, the election of Lindsay) is in itself desirable for conservatives; and that in any event, the situation in New Jersey is not analogous to the one which made necessary the formation of the Conservative Party of New York. Unlike New Jersey, New York needed the Conservatives to contend with three boss-dominated party conventions.

(Continued on p. 985)

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Let's Halt the Federal Land Grab

Why shouldn't the people who own the land go into the business of camping and open air recreation? Why, asks the author, has this, too, become government's affair?

ROBERT M. HYATT

In case you haven't heard, the Federal Government is on a land-buying spree. The 39 agencies that are authorized to acquire land are picking up about half a million acres a year.

The Federal Government now owns more than one-third of the land in the fifty states—an area larger than Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Colorado, Utah and part of South Dakota—770 million acres in all. It paid for this land with the taxpayers' money, yours and mine, removing it from the tax rolls of the states, where it is needed for schools, roads and other functions of local government. In many instances this whopping reduction in tax revenues has forced the local governments to increase the taxes on property remaining in private ownership, or holler for help from Washington, or both, in order to provide the basic services and facilities for which they are responsible.

And the government plans even bigger land grabs. In fiscal year 1963 it acquired by purchase, condemnation or gift 364,170 acres in 41 states. The largest haul was made in California, where 178,000 acres were removed from private ownership. Little Rhode Island lost 75 acres and Delaware 1,100. The Federal Government from 1959 to 1963 removed from tax rolls more than one and three-fourths million acres of land for which it paid $1,013 billion in taxpayers' money.

What is the argument for acquiring all this land? Admittedly, some of the purchases are in the national interest or are necessary for the proper functioning of the Federal Government. But for some others there does not seem to be adequate justification. Still other grabs are being and will be made in the name of crises whose existence is open to serious doubt.

One such so-called "crisis," in outdoor recreation, is offered as the main reason for government land grabbing. Does such a crisis exist?

Some governmental officials and others outside government who have special interests in the matter say that we are faced with an actual or impending crisis in outdoor recreation. In the name of this existing or imminent crisis the bureaucrats are taking or are proposing to take out of private ownership additional huge chunks of woodland, grassland, shoreline and other areas.

The newly established Bureau of Outdoor Recreation in the Department of the Interior is growing in size and influence. It is building up its staff and has field offices across the country. One of its duties is to be on the lookout for lands which it judges have recreational potential.

Let's look at the "crisis." The American Forest Products Industries conducted a survey on the question in 1962. More than half of those polled answered that there was adequate land for recreation and vacationing.

And also, there is no evidence of additional needs in the figures of land already owned by government for recreational purposes. A government inventory in 1960 showed a total of 234 million acres in government-owned nonurban recreation areas in the fifty states. This is an area exceeding in size by 3½ million acres the combined area of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Of these government playgrounds, nearly 200 million acres were federally owned; 30,100,000 were state-owned; and 3,500,000 acres were owned by counties and local governments.

The government points out that some of this land is unsuitable for recreational development because of its location—it is not easily accessible to the people or is not where it is needed most. This is true in some areas. Therefore, it is claimed, the Federal Government must acquire additional areas while these unsuitable areas, removed from commercial and tax uses, are laid aside.

It is true that some of the major national parks are overcrowded during the vacation season, only because most vacationers head for them. But what about the 65 million acres of Tree Farms, which have twice the acreage of all the national parks combined? They are found in nearly every state and offer almost virgin conditions for hunting, fishing, camping and water sports. Most of these farms are open to the public. All of them pay taxes.

There is no crisis in outdoor recreation. When and if one comes, it will be met. Still, the land grab goes on, and the disturbing note is the zeal with which bureaucrats and politicians are going after our most valuable natural resource.

A case in point occurred in late

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1963, when a group of Maine citizens were told by the director of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation that they were going to lose 100,000 acres of that state's most productive forestland. This area is privately owned, is under excellent forest management and has been logged for a century without losing its wilderness characteristics. It has always been open to the public.

State Battles Rage

In his presentation to the Maine people, the director told them that his bureau is going ahead with plans for a national recreation area there whether they wanted it or not—unless they came up with an equivalent public recreation area there within three years. Maine is loaded with such recreation areas. No more are needed.

In Indiana a minor war is raging over a proposal to establish a national wildlife refuge in Vigo and Clay counties at the sacrifice of nearly 10,000 acres of rich farmland. The proponents of this project are quite ruthless in pushing their scheme.

In Michigan, community organizations have battled for three years against a federal proposal to turn a large portion of Benzie and Leelanau counties into what would be called the Sleeping Bear National Park. The state already has a substantial park in this area and local people have been trying desperately to bring the proposal down to reasonable proportions, but the planners keep pounding for action.

Few quarrel with the right of government to exercise the power of eminent domain to build necessary highways, flood-control dams, and the like. But most of the grandiose schemes to take over land don't stand up under scrutiny.

Federal, state and local governments even now own 250 million acres of what might be called recreational land. This is nearly two-thirds as much as all the tillable land in the country at the present time. Not all this land is situated in wasteland areas of the West. It is spread all over the nation.

A bill now in Congress would supply matching federal funds to states that set out to buy up private lands. The government, which furnishes most of the money, would, of course, lay down the rules for use and management of this land.

The issue at stake is not whether we should permit our government to own a large portion of the terrain of this country. We also face the serious problem of what to do when private land becomes untaxable, leaving a proportionately heavier load for the remaining taxpayers.

It is often argued that public projects improve the economic status of a community and eventually furnish a tax base greater than the one depreciated by public ownership.

This may be true in the case of a big highway that brings in industry, or a dam that creates a chain of lakes and a thriving tourist business. But it is not true of wildlife refuges and many parks which merely reduce the taxpaying land and the number of resident taxpayers.

Finally, the nation's leisure hours are being used in very new ways. Backyard recreation is mushrooming —in rural as well as in urban areas. With patios, masonry fireplaces, barbecue grills, swimming pools, fish ponds and many other amusements, increasing numbers of people are finding satisfaction in outdoor recreation *at home*. More and more people feel disinclined to drive even short distances for more primitive and less comfortable facilities. A growing number of people are vacationing on local farms. This is a factor affecting the pattern of outdoor recreation, and will increase as the years pass. But federal planners apparently don't consider it at all. Today, 46 per cent of the nation's population lives on about one and one-half per cent of the land. And in these densely populated areas we see the development of means of adjusting recreational habits to those conditions.

To sum up: Much of the land proposed for acquisition is productive forest land that will be needed as the population grows. And certainly most of it is needed on local tax rolls to enable these units to retain their independence of the Federal Government and to ease the tax burden on land remaining in private hands. Before any more land is acquired by the government, private entrepreneurs, especially farmers, should be given the opportunity to make their maximum contributions to the nation's recreational pattern.

Rocking the Boat

(Continued from p. 983)

If the position of the schismatics in New Jersey is a little odd, in Virginia —scene of the only other gubernatorial race this year—it is incomprehensible. For Virginia is one of the very few states of the union where *both* parties are basically conservative. The Democrats, of course, have long been dominated by the fabled Byrd Machine, whose members and affiliates presently include both U.S. senators, the outgoing governor, and seven of the state's ten representatives. All of these Democrats are conservative enough to have won the voting-record accolade of Americans for Constitutional Action. The Democratic nominee for governor, Lieutenant-Governor Mills Godwin, is a proud product of the Byrd Machine. True: the Machine, including Godwin, swung behind fellow Southerner Lyndon Johnson in last year's election, and for conservatives that is galling, whatever the continuing conservative complexion of the Machine and its congressional branch. But in that case there is always the up-and-coming Republican Party, which not only did not support LBJ, but plugged gallantly for Barry Goldwater both before and after San Francisco, and which now has a presentable, moderately conservative, and serious candidate for governor in A. Linwood Holton.

Third Force Unnecessary

But yes, Virginia has its Conservative Party, too: tramping around the state with its third candidate and its ritual denunciation of both parties as, respectively, the parties of Humphrey and Javits (neglecting to mention that locally they are the parties of Byrd and Broyhill). The suspicion in many quarters is that the "Conservatives'" appeal (aside from irrational *ressentiment*) is among hard-core segregationists who yearn for the return of the "massive resistance" of the mid- and late-1950's. But whatever the pathology of the attraction, it is a strange sight to see significant numbers of sincere conservatives working to establish a Third Force in a state which already has two parties where any ordinary conservative should be able to feel at home.

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A European's Impressions

The Philadelphia Society

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Philadelphia Society was founded this year, with W. Glenn Campbell as President, Frank S. Meyer as First Vice President, and Eliseo Vivas as Second Vice President. It has as its aim the furthering of traditional American and genuinely liberal (libertarian) ideas; one of its regional meetings took place recently in Philadelphia, and was a highly interesting experience, especially to a foreigner like me. Naturally, the crystallization and growth of such a society will not be simple or swift. The Philadelphia Society is not a monolithic phalanx, but a meeting ground for those ready to defend personal liberty amidst the collectivism and pragmatic nihilism of our age.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Battle of the Giants

On the initial day of the conference, October 8, in Philadelphia's Sheraton Hotel, we heard a report by Professor Milton Freeman of the University of Chicago on the last meeting of the Mont Pélerin Society in Stresa, Italy. For a budding group like the Philadelphia Society it is useful to learn about the doings of a group whose aims are similar to its own (even if the emphasis on economics is far greater in the Mont Pélerin Society). That evening saw the first battle of the giants, in a symposium on Natural Law in which Professors Frederick Wilhelmsen (University of Dallas), Bruce Goldberg (Cornell University) and Eliseo Vivas (Northwestern University) participated. Wilhelmsen put forward a conservative Catholic viewpoint (he also holds a chair at the University of Navarre in Spain). Eliseo Vivas, of Venezuelan origin, came at it from a critical though theistic angle, and Professor Goldberg, was pragmatic and non-religious. A debate of this sort is a necessary probe to investigate whether a young society with such a variety of initial ideological positions could remain united. The discussion was at times rather heated. It quickly became evident that the rejection of political, social and economic Leftism had brought people together who, initially at any rate, were united more by negations than by affirmations. The concept of natural law figures strongly only in the Catholic tradition, not in that of the other Christian denominations; and, needless to say, one can be an agnostic and at the same time an ardent enemy of a planned economy or of the welfare state. To be sure, one can also be a devoted Christian and carry monastic ideas into a field where they do not belong—into economics or into the social order.

'Humanism and Theism'

Similar problems came up the next day in the symposium on "Humanism and Theism." The few Europeans present were surprised to see that "humanism" in America is a term representing an agnostic or atheistic concept of man. (What are Pico della Mirandola, Marsiglio Ficino, Erasmus, Pickheimer, Adelsmann, Melanchthon, if not humanists?) Yet the question whether an ethical order could be established without God or without religion was the conundrum of this session, in which Henry Hazlitt, Professor Gerhart Niemeyer of Notre Dame (an Episcopalian), and Frank S. Meyer of *National Review* read their papers. Henry Hazlitt, a self-professed agnostic, pleaded for the logical consistency of essentially Christian ethics on a purely rational and pragmatic ground. Gerhart Niemeyer represented the Christian point of view, and Frank S. Meyer maintained that humanism and Christian principles can enter into an organic synthesis.

When the participants in the conference joined the fight, an even more beautiful encounter resulted, demonstrating the difficulties of harnessing the more or less dogmatic representatives of Christianity, with their fixed sets of values, and the Seekers and Questioners, who undoubtedly have been profoundly influenced by the values of Christianity around them. As the chairman of this session insisted, had these men grown up in another civilization, in India or China, their positions based on their "findings" would have been radically different. When, in order to emphasize the basic *practical* agreement, he spoke about "fellow travelers of Christianity," who often define with the help of logic what the Christian (or Jew) knows through Revelation, he gravely disconcerted a few of those present. They represented this patronizing "annexationism." Yet the Believer will always and inevitably appear arrogant to the mere Seeker, and in the resistance against the leftist tide, the exclamation point rather than the question mark is a magnetic and reassuring sign post.

In the final session, "Conservatism and Theism," in which Professor Ernest van den Haag (New York University) and Professor Garry Wills (Johns Hopkins) had the leading roles, similar problems and questions appeared. Professor van den Haag gave a reasoned short lecture on the pragmatic necessity of religion in a good society, while Professor Wills undertook the role of caretaker, trying to deal with the numerous misunderstandings which had cropped up during a day and a half of exacerbated debate.

Problems to be Expected

All these problems, to be sure, crop up continually in conservative or liberal ("libertarian") groups. Here, the discussants knew even before they sat down that it is not sufficient to be united by a common negation and that they must seek a genuinely common ground. After these sessions, it can be said that the contours of a common ground are emerging above this varied bedrock. This, in itself, is encouraging.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Farewell to the Fair

Had I my way, we would disestablish the United Nations and maintain in its stead a perpetual World's Fair. Mr. Robert Moses would be appointed permanent secretary-general. Low farce thus would be supplanted by healthy comedy; the demagogues and the oligarchs would depart; and we might learn to live together in the spirit of carnival.

Kirk

Let carpers say what they will, I loved every inch of the New York World's Fair, all two seasons of it. I hope and pray that as many pavilions as possible may be preserved and kept lively. Immensely varied and cheerful, the Fair was in good taste, honest, and—astounding, for New York—even civil. Like the small boy who sneaked in and hid for several days, I should like to have slept there nights, keeping body and soul together by retrieving coins from the fountains.

The nations of Europe contributed little enough to the Fair, save for the imaginative Spanish Pavilion, with its marvelous jewels of Dali. My fancy was taken by the African and Levantine endeavors.

Did you skip Sierra Leone's exhibit? Fie upon you. It cost but ten cents to enter. True, the photographs of nineteenth-century public buildings in Sierra Leone were peeling off the walls; but one was shown about by a solicitous and efficient Sierra Leone policeman, in uniform. Then came the show, which cost a dollar. The back country dancers were exciting, and the master of ceremonies was a tall, gray, handsome young man in a jellab, exhorting us (in an Oxford accent) to cast aside our inhibitions and join in the shouting and stamping, in the best traditions of Africa. We did.

Ghana's dancers also were admirable, and the Zulus and Watusis at the big African pavilion. You should have dined at the tree-house restaurant. I hope you stared at the fantastic Sudanese birds, who stared back at you with their double-lidded eyes, and that you sipped hot mint tea in the hot Moroccan tea-tent.

The antiquities in the pavilions of Egypt, Lebanon and Jordan were worth a day's inspection. Down in Jordan's basement was a tiny restaurant, where an ingratiating Levantine was waiter, cajoler, and—I think—cook, preparing his favorite dishes solely for the beautiful Annette and your servant, and selling us a bottle of Egyptian wine. Miss Annette and I were then recently betrothed, and the versatile majordomo murmured repeatedly, as he slid some queer salad or dish of skewered meat before us, "This is Happiness Table." He charged us fifteen dollars for lunch, when all was done, but that, too, is the real Levant.

Religion Prominent at Fair

Doubtless to the vexation of our omniscient Supreme Court, religion stood forth conspicuous at the Fair. Who did not gaze upon the Pietà, drawn by a moving sidewalk magically past tragic beauty? If the Vatican Pavilion was somewhat afflicted by modernism, still it contained many splendid things from the Ages of Faith.

The Mormons were the great proselyters of the Fair. If one entered their pavilion through its Salt Lake City Temple façade, there was no hope of escaping for an hour: but the zealous and pleasant young men made it an instructive captivity. I was taken, too, with the exhibit of the Swedenborgians, where one could hear mystical doctrines expounded over the telephone; and by the booth of the Churches of Christ, where a push-button machine infallibly produced Scriptural answers to every inquiry of the heart.

At the Fair's other end, the *Poupées de Paris* won my passionate devotion. When, in the Frankenstein pantomime, the Monster made his horrid way down from the little stage to the aisle, and turned out to be no puppet at all, Annette shrieked as if Hell Mouth were yawning. With my cosmopolitan nephews, I braved the flume ride and went round and round on the Avis antique miniature cars. But I do wish there had been a gigantic international Haunted House, perhaps the joint creation of John Betjeman and Salvador Dali. Phantoms of Mao, Nasser, Nkrumah, and Sukarno might have been allowed to drift through the echoing corridors.

Poor Sukarno's Indonesian pavilion, by the way, fell into bankruptcy at the end of the Fair's first season—doubtless presaging the fate of Indonesia generally. I regretted the disappearance of the regiment of Indonesian houris dispatched by Sukarno to stroll the lofty halls of the Indonesian pavilion, apparently with no duties but to cast Javanese sheep's eyes at the overjoyed tourist.

Probably the most persuasive exhibition was the Hall of Free Enterprise, sponsored by the American Economic Foundation. The Tree of Economic Life, twelve feet high, caught the eyes and the reason of many. Alas, only a handful of American businessmen contributed substantially to this well-conceived defense of the free economy.

Architecturally, I swear by the Belgian Village: as a haunter of Bruges and Damme, I affirm its verisimilitude. The very paving-stones cry out the story of the Low Countries—though, actually, they were taken from a New Jersey highway. Cannot this medieval commune in miniature be kept for posterity? In its way, it is as instructive as the Cloisters.

Mr. Moses, I make obeisance to you: for if you left New York out of pocket, still you took arms against a sea of troubles and gave us all manner of delight. Whenever I pass by Flushing Meadows, on my way to the airport, I will think of how I courted my love at the Top of the Fair and in the Underground World Home. A murrain upon all contemners of the most spacious and blithesome of fairs!

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JEFFREY HART

Some years ago, the brilliant English historian Herbert Butterfield published a short book entitled *The Whig Interpretation of History*. It articulated the accumulating doubts of at least two generations, and became a kind of manifesto for modern historians. Butterfield attacked the sort of historian who assumes that all of history has been laboring to produce the present moment, and who values the life of the past only insofar as it can be interpreted as working toward what has emerged in the present. Such a procedure is really a form of power worship. Thus such historians as Macaulay picked through the past to find figures who could be viewed —with some effort—as working toward nineteenth-century progressive democracy.

Some curious discoveries were made. Luther and Elizabeth became progressives; others, like Charles I, Philip II, and Swift were villains: implicitly, they were against the Light. John Milton could be seen as a sort of primitive Woodrow Wilson, and Andrew Jackson was FDR struggling to be born. Ludicrously enough, this attitude permeated even literary and art criticism. That meticulously drawn landscape, there behind the Madonna in Piero's altar-piece—that, the Madonna in time dropping away, would "become" a nineteenth-century landscape painting. Though they didn't know it, the commendable statesmen, painters and poets of the past were struggling to produce the ascendant values of the present.

British Politics in the Collectivist Age, Samuel H. Beer. Knopf, $8.50

Intellectually, this attitude toward history suffered severe wounds in the First World War, and succumbed completely in the years that followed. No—it was recognized—history could not be said to be working toward progressive democracy, beneficent science, and universal parliaments. The nineteenth-century certainties dissolved, and Garrett Mattingly, unlike Froude, could sympathize even with that arch-villain of the Whig historians, Philip II, who launched the Armada. The goal of history, to say the least, was uncertain. To assume that the present moment was the goal seemed merely a sick joke.

When we come to Samuel Beer, Professor of Government at Harvard and past national chairman of the ADA, we enter the happy realms of certainty once again, at least with regard to British politics. Because it is so sound in its scholarship and so full of information, *British Politics in the Collectivist Age* is an important book, but it suffers from a seriously limited perspective which comes through as an abeyance of judgment. There are strong hints that contemporary England is to be taken as a kind of political and social model. In a word, the goal of history is the comprehensive welfare state. Both parties agree on it, differing only in detail, though they have arrived at this pleasant concord by very different routes.

On the one hand we have the Tories. They have a heritage of paternalism and authority which has prepared them for their collectivist role. There were some decades, it is true, when this heritage was submerged by the influence of free-market businessmen, but the Tories have overcome this malign force and have gone on to a welfarist consensus, informed by their ancient tradition.

Professor Beer, to be sure, demonstrates that the Tories historically were critical of a disintegrative individualism; but as his account unfolds, doubts arise. Would Dryden or Swift or Dr. Johnson really approve a politics of confiscatory taxation with every snout at the public trough—and long-term good sacrificed to the demands made at the moment?

The history of the Labor Party is also a kind of success story. Always properly anti-capitalist, the Labor Party nevertheless had to overcome the malign influence of doctrinaire socialists and other utopian types, but like the businessmen in the other party these are now marginal, and all is well. The two parties have met at a fork in the road, and now go forward more or less together with "modern" programs. Professor Beer's book concludes on a This-Happy-Breed note: "Happy the country in which consensus and conflict are ordered in a dialectic that makes the political arena at once a market of interests and a forum for debate of fundamental concerns."

The abeyance of judgment I spoke of a moment ago becomes manifest in Professor Beer's use of that word "dialectic." Clearly, the dialectic he has in mind, between the Tories and Labor, is not a significant one, and clearly the British economic order itself, upon which both parties agree, raises questions which do not disturb his soothing but claustrophobic account. It is true that some of the issues that remain between the two parties have some moderate intellectual interest. But he tells us that "fundamental questions of moral and political philosophy" are being raised in British political culture today. Well, by Oakeshott, perhaps, or Minogue—but not by the British political culture defined by this book: Butskellism.

AT NO POINT does Professor Beer step back from his detailed account of the two parties to raise the question of whether it really is a good thing for England that both

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Tories and Labor have come to agree on a social and economic policy which is destroying the possibility of substantial private saving, of individual and family economic independence, and therefore of the independence of —for example—private universities, which depend increasingly on government subsidy. The current Rent Bill, which the Labor government is pushing through its Report stage, has met with little Tory criticism of a fundamental kind—even though it is correctly and openly regarded by Labor's left wing as a major step toward the elimination of the private landlord. To put the situation in perspective, as Anthony Lejeune did in a recent *NR* "Letter From London": Any British family with two children and an income around the national average actually makes a net *profit* when taxes paid are balanced against welfare benefits received, and such a family therefore makes no contribution whatever to the defense of the country, to the costs of police, fire department and administrative services. These burdens fall entirely on the middle classes, which are being taxed out of existence. Thus all parts of the community are coming to depend upon the state. In 1947 Herbert Morrison defined the future of the middle classes under such a program: "If they stand the strain with no undue grousing but with patience and understanding, then they are our partners in the great social enterprise on which we have embarked."

One would like to see the critical judgment brought to bear on this sort of thing. Surely it is the responsibility of a historian or a social scientist to assess the long-range consequences of the British policies of centralized planning, confiscatory taxation, repressed inflation and economic nationalism. Such a policy may win elections in the middle of the twentieth century. But that, after all, is only a moment in time, and history has many cunning corridors. And a historian is not running for office.

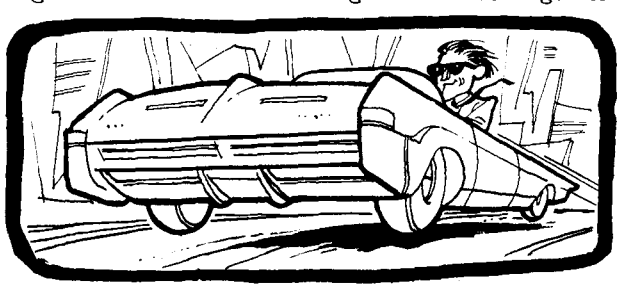
Popcult Orgy

C. H. SIMONDS

AMERICAN CULTURE, whatever that is, bears watching. The brahmin rumblings of an Edmund Wilson or the meat-cleaver Macdonald approach (*He* ought to know about Midcult!) won't do—or so one suspects after a heavy dose of Tom Wolfe. Resplendent in nubby suit and buckle-over bootlets, our country-elegant mental traveler lunges forth on a whip-zip kaleidoscopic tour up, down, around and underneath the American scene. He may lose his balance now and then, but who can blame him? Lesser culture-watchers haven't even dared to speculate upon the larger implications of such phenomena as the neon signs of Las Vegas, The Kalifornia Kustom Kar, or Baby Jane Holzer. (Most of them get about as far into it as the *New Republic* writers who prate to this very day about tail-finned, chromey monsters from Detroit, when there hasn't been a fin produced for five-six years and the chrome has almost vanished.) In the main, Wolfe is able to preserve a hard core of perceptiveness amid the riot and the wreck; always he poses and bravely tries to answer the frustrating question "What (if anything) does it all *mean*?"

***The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, by Tom Wolfe. Farrar, $5.50**

Appropriately, we begin on a note of madness: the first piece is entitled "Las Vegas (What?) Las Vegas (Can't Hear You! Too Nasty) Las Vegas!!!!" The evocation of organized



insanity is excellent, and the conclusion worth a ponder. Las Vegas, says Wolfe, was built by gangsters, "the first uneducated, prole-petty-burgher Americans to have enough money to build a monument to their style of life . . . . using the money pumped in by the war to show a prole vision—*Glamour!*—of style."

THE THEME first suggested is expanded in the essays which follow, until we reel before a panoramic vision of subcultures asserting themselves, competing, engulfing each other, in an endless heave and burble. The title piece (from the Kalifornia Kustom Kar of the same name) explores the underground world of the customizers, whose style is gleaming baroque curves, swirls, swoops and loops, as opposed to what Wolfe calls the Palladian style of Detroit—Detroit, the Establishment, which, he predicts, will engulf the customizers "bringing the whole field into a nice, safe, vinyl-glamorous marketable ball of polyethylene."

A bit farther on, in "The Girl of the Year," we meet Baby Jane Holzer. She doesn't do much, except go to Rolling Stones concerts, act in underground movies, writhe at discothèques, and use language when being interviewed that forces the interviewer to pepper his story with blushy long dashes. But she's the Girl of the Year, or was a year or so ago. Her cheeseburgers-served-by-the-maid life in a Park Avenue apartment, with all the rest, makes divertingly grotesque reading, but what does she mean? She represents the triumph of what Wolfe calls "Pop Society"—a society, and indeed a whole culture, drawn from the lower strata, the bohemians, the proles.

Other worthies examined—each of whom suggests in one way or another the upsurge of Popcult—include Murray the K., that frenetic New York disc jockey; Phil Spector, "The First Tycoon of Teen" (that is, the first teen-ager to make pots of money off other teen-agers and now he's stuck with a beige-on-beige office and neuralgia); and Robert Harrison, the originator and guiding genius of *Confidential* Magazine, whom Wolfe portrays pathetically waiting in Lindy's for Walter Winchell to wave at him. But our boy gets right in there and grapples when he offers up Junior Johnson, because Johnson hasn't been assimilated, yet.

Junior Johnson, "The Last Ameri-

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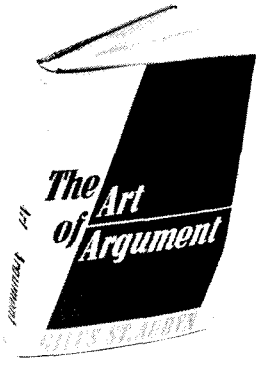

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can Hero," is a stock-car racer from the South, and a legend to *aficionados* of the sport. In an attempt to make stock-car racing understandable to the chic types who read the Sunday *Herald Tribune,* Wolfe goes into a long digression on the distinctive car-culture of the South: the car as symbol of economic liberation of the poor white (war money again) and all that —it's pretty good. The focus has shifted from the home-town ball team to the races, and Johnson is the high priest.

WOLFE'S SYMPATHIES clearly lie with the country men whom Johnson represents—the unassimilated hill types who still live by a Code and who make good war heroes. He avoids falling prey to upright-tillers-of-the-soil mysticism; his evocation of the rural South includes the junk-auto graveyards, Nehi signs, Sunday radio programs, and dust. But given a choice, one suspects, he'll stick with the culture that hasn't been gobbled up yet. Speaking of the country men's bravery and of Detroit's need to promote the speed image by supporting stock-car racing, he notes: "Detroit is now engaged in the highly sophisticated business of offering the illusion of Speed for Everyman . . . . by discovering and putting behind the wheel a breed of mountain men who are living vestiges of a degree of physical courage that became extinct in most other sections of the country by 1900."

And there's another irony: Wolfe, the darling of the campy set, the discoverer of outrageous new enthusiasms, the watcher of the gallery-walkers—Wolfe is on the side of the unengulfed: the racers, the customizers, the proles. But he serves them up in the pages of *Esquire* and *New York* for all to find and follow, and it's an absolutely sure bet that any day Baby Jane, or whoever this year's Baby Jane is, will show up at the stock-car races in spray-on pants and eye makeup by Andy Warhol. Alas.

Whose Ism Was It?

MAX GELTMAN

AFTER KARL MARX and Friedrich Engels pased from the scene, their heirs fell to quarreling among themselves over the heritage they left behind, the body of doctrine known as Marxism. Some said the heritage belonged to them, since they understood best what the founding fathers taught about socialism and the revolutionary seizure of power by the working class to set up its own dictatorship of the proletariat. Others staked out their claims as the true and legitimate heirs by citing different verses, sometimes from the same chapters, proving Marx and Engels had merely outlined an evolutionary path for the parliamentary road to the goal. Each reviled the other, and the battle of the quotations continued right up to and including World War I, when Lenin put an abrupt halt to the "phrasemongering" and, with the aid of the German General Staff and some soldiers with bayonets, delivered a mortal wound to the pious dreams of a peaceful transition to socialism.

Marxism, One Hundred Years in the Life of a Doctrine, by Bertram D. Wolfe. Dial, $6.95

SOME OF THE TRUE BELIEVERS in something called "democratic socialism" denounced the Bolsheviks as usurpers of the noble heritage and betrayers of the good doctrine. Even as Lenin was consolidating his power, and the power of his party, over the lives and fortunes of all the peoples of the multinational areas and regions that make up the Soviet Union, his critics from within the ranks of international socialism chided him for Marxist deviations by pointing out to him what Marx said in 1872 or what Engels said in 1893 or what both said in letters to each other or to some obscure lady correspondent in New York. Lenin, who knew all the quotations by heart, stuck to the fundamentals by shooting his opposition in Russia and damning his critics from afar as "lackeys of imperialism" and "betrayers of the working class." Bertram D. Wolfe makes much of this conflict among the contending heirs in this new book, *Marxism, One Hundred Years in the Life of a Doctrine,* which is the best single-volume work

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on the subject available in English.

It will be noted that each accused the other of "betrayal." But what was being betrayed, other than the evanescent "interests" of the working class, was never made clear. Certainly one can find in Marx almost anything except consistency and common sense —as these terms are understood by ordinary men. But Marx and Engels were not ordinary men. By their own lights they were consistent enough in that they sought not to explain the ways of the world, but to destroy them. Early in life they had counseled the philosophers not to *interpret* the world, but to change it. Reasoned and prudent self-examination they denounced as weakness; they abhorred the "pestilential breath" of Western civilization; the dreams of other, more visionary, roads to the common goal they denounced as "utopian."

THE ONLY THING they had faith in was the force of history, which they saw as an all-powerful engine with the motive power supplied by the proletariat and themselves as the chief engineers. In 1867 Marx wrote to Engels: "Things are moving. And in the next revolution . . . *we* (i.e., you and I) will have this powerful engine [the Socialist International] in our hands." (Emphasis in original) What they hoped to do with their "engine" Lenin did with his. Both saw in their systems a guide to the seizure of power for establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat, by which they meant the dictatorship of the party over the proletariat *and of themselves over the party.* Other Marxists saw this and even warned Lenin about it, but since socialism was the desired goal of each and the dictatorship was a necessary precondition for its establishment, well, then, dictatorship it would have to be. Trotsky, who had spelled out the warning most prophetically, later became the most notorious victim of the very dictatorship he had helped to impose on the helpless Russian people.

There are those, Mr. Wolfe included, who question whether Marx "would have recognized the work of his disciples as the fulfillment of his doctrine, or its precedent dream." My own answer is that he would have been pleased with what he saw—even if it killed him. After all, what had the Bolsheviks done that he and Engels would have abjured? Had they themselves not reviled, defamed and framed the most important figures in their own movement, Bakunin among others? Had they not cast into the outer darkness whole nations and races and peoples—the "dirty Slavs," the "lousy Balkans," the "piggish Bulgarians," the "Jewish niggers"—only because they failed to measure up to that condition which Marx and Engels saw as the will of history? In all fairness to them, however, it should be observed that they never projected a *Weltanschauung* based on compassion or on the subjective values of right and wrong. All they really planned, plotted and argued for in a voluminous correspondence, all they really wrote about, all they really wanted, was to prod history a bit and help push it over the brink. Everything was good if it served the "historical process." Slavery was good, the conquest of other (weaker) nations was good, and in the case of the American war against Mexico, both slavery and conquest were heartily endorsed for the greater glory of this great "historical process."

WHEN MARX ABSTRACTED MAN from himself and from his human nature by declaring him a proletarian, by

Random Notes

● HUNGRY? 'Tis the Season of the Cookbook; these look especially noteworthy: Bobbs-Merrill's abundantly-illustrated *San Francisco Firehouse Favorites* (evidently Coast firemen have better things to do than play checkers and count the Dalmatian's spots) comes in November ($8.50 till year's end, $10 thereafter). . . . *The Cookstrip Cookbook* by Len Deighton (yes, *Funeral in Berlin*) puts recipes in a sort of comic-strip form and actually makes omelette-preparation entirely clear (Geis, September, $3.95). . . . Vivienne Marquis's and Patricia Haskell's *The Cheese Book* looks perfect for folks who yearn to one-up wine connoisseurs (Simon & Schuster, October, $7.50). . . . . Meredith Press has a *Better Homes and Gardens Vegetable Cookbook* coming in October at $3.95, if you're tired of butter-and-salt. . . . Fight furrin' cuisine with *The Art of American Indian Cooking* by Yeffe Kimball and Jean Anderson (Doubleday, September, $4.50). . . . Anyone who needs the recipe for Stan Musial's All-Purpose Barbecue Baste will find it in *The All-Star Athletes Cook Book* (Centaur House, September, $4.95). . . .

Interesting Idea: *Cooking without Recipes* by Helen Worth could put a stop to the whole flood (Harper, October, $5.95). . . . Note two new-and-revised editions: *The Fannie Farmer Cookbook* (Little Brown, November, $5.95) and *The Settlement Cook Book* (Simon & Schuster, September, $5.95). . . . Will Jones's *Wild in the Kitchen,* published in Minneapolis some years ago, is cropping up on remainder tables and is eminently worth a hunt.

● RESPECTABLY ABSURD: Samuel Beckett's first TV play, *Hey Joe!* being produced by BBC with Irish actor Jack McGowan as star-and-only-player. Beckett's first screenplay, *Film,* starring Buster Keaton and directed by Alan Schneider, has already been shown at Venice and New York film festivals.

● GLOOM: Now that premières of this season's new TV shows are tucked comfortably in the national craw, what have They in store for us next year? ABC will run an hour *Batman* series, based upon the venerable comic but with flesh-and-blood actors. Suggested episode title: "Come Back to the Cave Ag'in, Robin, Honey!" CBS has United Artists working on a series drawn from the movie, *The Big Country.* Also from CBS are one about H. Houdini, and one called *Nightwatch,* to be shot entirely in the dark. . . . Meanwhile, cheering news from Canada, where Toronto radio station CKEY has ceased to run voice cuts of Ontario's Premier John Robarts because his voice is "dull." A sign of progress?

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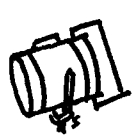
definition "one who possesses nothing but his labor power," he was defining a creature capable of reproduction and work—and nothing more. One has only to look at the ungelded ox to see that such a creature is indeed possible. But humanity must ultimately rebel at such a concept when applied to man created in the image of God. For a short while—too long a while for those conscripted to play out the socialist charade in China, Russia, Cuba and elsewhere—man as nothing but "labor power" will go through his motions at the point of a gun. But ultimately even he who totes the gun must in the end turn it on himself or become so dehumanized as to lose his very will to coerce. But this is a subject far beyond the scope of a book review. Meanwhile, the process of education must go on. Young people, especially in the universities (it is intellectuals who make revolutions, not workers or peasants or masses), should be exposed to the teachings of the founding fathers, leaving out nothing, for there is nothing quite so destructive of Marxism —and socialism—as thorough familiarity with them. In this connection the present work by Bertram D. Wolfe can perform an enormous, even if only a partial, service.

Movies in Brief

RICHARD HODGENS

SHIP OF FOOLS. Remember *Judgment at Nuremberg?* Here, producer-director Stanley Kramer and adapter Abby Mann play Judge again, at sea. At the beginning of the 148-minute voyage to Germany in 1933, we are told: "This is a ship of fools. . . . If you look closely enough you may even find yourself on board." And, at the end: "I can hear you asking, 'What has all this to do with us?' Nothing." Well, sorry, but that's right—though one may feel like a fool for having bought a ticket. Kramer and Mann bow vaguely leftward throughout and one gathers that they still disapprove of, among other things, German music. (German music has been invented for the occasion, and though all hands speak in English, they sing in German.) At the same time, Kramer and Mann catch up with the decadent trend by aiming much of their propaganda at the Impossibility of Love. Most notably, Oskar Werner falls for Simone Signoret because "she's real," but she is also a drug-addicted prisoner and he has a very weak heart. Vivien Leigh is also involved in the mess, as yet another has-been beauty.

DARLING. Rather slick and—as one might guess from the title—rather nasty, too. Director John Schlesinger and writer Frederic Raphael are much more clever at creating fools than Kramer and Mann are, and they are much more intent upon it. The darling is a dull English girl who goes bad and keeps getting bored. At length she marries an Italian prince and gets so bored one feels her heart must break. England is rotting, Schlesinger and Raphael keep telling us—not to mention Italy. They give no reasons, only satirical rot—unless the reason is that everyone is either foolish or rotten. Actress Julie Christie has the task of eliciting ever more sympathy for the darling as she grows ever more contemptible. Occasionally, she proves the task is, if thankless, not impossible.



THE GREAT RACE. Like the other great big comedies, a veritable surfeit of extravagance, almost as if producer-director Blake Edwards had sworn to keep you in your seat, laughing longer than ever before, even if it kills you. After long and complicated preliminaries, rival speed-demons (good, dull Tony Curtis and bad, frenzied Jack Lemmon) accompanied by a suffragette (insufferably uppity Natalie Wood) race from New York to Paris—in automobiles this time. The result is not as amusing as much of the time as Edwards's *The*

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Other fall visitors to the West Coast include: Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist; Russell Kirk, author of *John Randolph of Roanoke* and editor of *University Bookman;* William F. Rickenbacker, senior editor of *National Review;* and L. Brent Bozell, author of *The Warren Court: A Dissenting Opinion.*

Available also this season for engagements on the West Coast and around the country are: Dr. Thomas Molnar, lecturer and author of *Africa: A Political Travelogue;* Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, lecturing on "The Coming Counterrevolution" and "States' Rights and the Christian Tradition"; Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of *National Review* and editor of the newly published *The African Nettle;* Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author, and Ernest van den Haag, psychoanalyst, scholar and writer.

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Pink Panther, but along the long, long way there are some precise and pleasant incidents.

THE IPCRESS FILE. For some reason, this tolerable English thriller seems to have been taken rather seriously —perhaps because it deals with the brain drain in terms of kidnaping, perhaps because the hero (Michael Caine) wears glasses and withstands brainwashing, perhaps because the other good guys are pretty bad, or perhaps because director Sidney Furie keeps shooting the camera past dripping faucets, closed doors and glowing light bulbs, while the color is grimy. Of course it does pass the time, however preposterously.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH. From the gilded, jeweled and tearful Mother of God under the blood-red titles to the matador's funeral at the end, the film is a lament. Italian writer-director Francesco Rosi's style is quasi-documentarian: no plot, just Spanish social injustices like unemployment and employment as a matador; just the painful, wasteful life and death of a matador named Miguel Mateo Miguelín, played by a matador of the same name. The pretense of truth works quite well, except for the brief "participation" of Linda Christian. (She plays the one English-speaking character among the Italian-speaking Spaniards, a lady named Linda who is alleged not to miss a single bullfighter.) The photography is beautiful, and the bullfights are disturbing, as intended. In spite of intentions, however, the film might make more *aficionados,* simply because the hero is so good, or it might be considered just another treat for the public that finds satisfaction or comfort in the spectacular falls of the public's little gods.

RAPTURE. Rapture? The ladies behind me cried so loudly that I barely heard the conclusion, and I found it sad in a different way. The film asks the question, Can an alienated girl (Patricia Gozzi, whose performance is impressive) find rapture with a young man (Dean Stockwell) wanted by the police? Not much. But of course the important question is whether the inevitable catastrophe—brought on by herself, her alienated father (Melvyn Douglas) and, of course, the police—can help her face reality at last. (She has insisted throughout that the boy is really her scarecrow come to life.) Well, maybe. John Guillermin has directed all this in an emphatic manner.

MICKEY ONE. Is the mob really after this comedian who sees himself as "a Polack Noel Coward" and if so, why? Is he "guilty" of anything besides "not being innocent"? Does he really owe Them the whole life he's living? "Is There any Word from the Lord?" Will They get him? This is art, not a movie; one never learns the answers to these questions, or to others. The important thing is the anxiety-and-alienation, and *Mickey One* is full of it—in the writing of Alan Surgal, in the direction of Arthur Penn and in the playing of any number of hapless actors, competent and not. There is so much of it that the film must depend on Warren Beatty as Mickey to subvert it: he stumbles about, he plays it dumb and numb, he mumbles his absurd lines, but remains himself, a living presence, a star—and this makes possible a little dubious optimism at the end.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

OUR DEPLETED SOCIETY, by Seymour Melman (Holt, $5.95). This anti-book rests on a fallacy. Professor Melman observes that the United States is spending (in his opinion) too much on armaments, and that American society has gangrene. He wrongly assumes that the two processes are causally connected: that our social ills are *caused* by the armament spending. He goes on to urge that we dismantle the arms program and spend the money on welfare, culture, tra la

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la. All this and contradictions too: 1) the "far Right" is "reacting, even more than they themselves know, to the powerlessness engendered by the depletion process within American society" (p. 181) even though (p. 183) "the politics of the far right is the politics of accommodation to depletion and powerlessness"; 2) he urges that the money saved by dismantling the Pentagon be spent on schools and colleges (p. 102) even though (p. 86) he complains that the impact of federal research programs is robbing colleges of their independence; 3) he argues that bad education produces unemployables (p. 127) who are "the young men and women who grow up physically incompetent and functionally illiterate . . . the unemployables of our highly industrialized society" even though (p. 240) our unemployed are, in his eyes, "able" and apparently quite apt for work if only industry would give them a chance. Professor Melman thinks Frankenstein was the name of the monster, and he writes, "lengthly" for "long." The poor thing is functionally illiterate, a victim of overkill. His proposal to spend $100 million on federal swimming pools should help a lot.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

AN AMERICAN FAMILY: *The Tafts—1678 to 1964*, by Ishbel Ross (NAL-World, $6.50). This fat, comfortable book centers around that fat, comfortable individual, William Howard Taft. His ancestors, parents, brothers and sisters, wife, descendants, friends and relations—and all of *their* friends and relations—pass before the reader in an agreeably lengthy, reasonably colorful and one-hundred-percent American parade, led by genial old Will. The Tafts are distinctly admirable in their intelligence, integrity and devotion to duty, family and country; around them all there hovers a pleasant mist compounded of Fourth of July speeches, evenings on the front porch, Sunday picnics, grand tours and genteel civic reform. Miss Ross's ample book is marred sometimes by a rapid-fire delivery which causes the reader to lose track of the comings and goings of countless Tafts, and other times by a too-meticulous attention to the minor details of trips, balls, banquets, and the everyday lives of her engaging subjects.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR, by John Le Carré (Coward-McCann, $4.95). It's twenty years later and a British intelligence outfit that had trained and sent hundreds of agents into Nazi-occupied Germany in World War II is given the chance to run another operation into East Germany. It recruits a former agent, rents a house in Oxford and rushes him through a refresher course in intelligence skills. He is infiltrated into East Germany according to plan and then—for political reasons—abandoned to his death. That's how the game is played, we are told. Too bad for Leiser. "He'll have to manage by himself. We played the war rules. He knew that. He was well trained. Fortunes of war." Poor Leiser, yes, and the poor millions who waited anxiously for *Looking Glass War*, after reading Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*. *Looking Glass* commits the one unpardonable offense in a spy novel: it's dull.

P. L. BUCKLEY

THE MANY WORLDS OF MAN, by Jack Conrad (Crowell, $6.95). Not an important book in that it contributes no original discovery or idea to anthropology, nor a truly first-rate summation of anthropology's findings, still Professor Conrad's volume merits recognition, if not careful attention. Following the publication of so many books, like those of the popularly read Ashley Montagu, denying what is obvious to everybody, that there are different races, *The Many Worlds of Man* is confirmation of one's reason. Men, after all, do not have to be the same to have equal opportunities. When the author writes that "the human capacity to vary is man's most precious asset, that human differences are the best possible evidence of man's greatness," the reader is very apt to give assent. If he believes with this reviewer that in conformity with certain absolute values Western culture really is superior to others, he can still believe with the author that men who live in other cultures are not intrinsically inferior. Professor Conrad expresses a personal and professional debt to Clyde Kluckhohn and Carleton Coon, and the influence of these men is evident. Much of the book ought to be skimmed; the hand drawings reminiscent of those in junior high school science texts are regrettable; but men who persist in believing what their good senses tell them will appreciate the author's affirmation that people are different.

G. PEPPER

FAIR FIGHTS AND FOUL: *A Dissenting Lawyer's Life*, by Thurman

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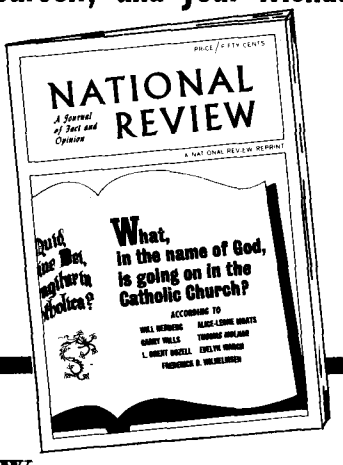
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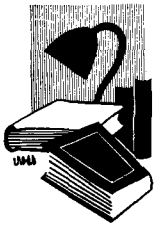
Arnold (Harcourt, $5.95). The often hilarious but disjointed reminiscences and self-contradictory political theories of an aging uncle as told on a rainy summer afternoon, is perhaps a fair description of Thurman Arnold's autobiography. After excoriating conservatives for restricting our output of goods and services out of a fear of equitable distribution, and for inducing feelings of inferiority in government workers, thus causing their bureaucratic inefficiency, he describes his idea of free enterprise: American business competitively implementing the government-planned development of our national resources. Then he supports antitrust legislation as the only cure for labor union abuses. Only four pages after criticizing U.S. businessmen for believing Hitler would mellow, he calls for the "voice of plain reason and wholesome expediency" to govern our relations with the Communist powers. Other minor aberrations complete the book, such as comparing today's Supreme Court justices with St. Thomas Aquinas, suggesting that his law partner Paul Porter be given the entire credit for ending the Greek civil war, and weeping about Owen Lattimore's persecution by the Justice Department for holding opinions ". . . with nearly all of which most sensible men now agree."

D. B. DUVAL



SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (October 19)

Alex[ander] Hamilton
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To The Editor

(Continued from p. 956)

management and overpopulation of some parts of the world would prompt them to leave rather than to change matters. This would perpetuate rather than correct the misery from which they are fleeing to spread it elsewhere.

Professor Hirshleifer is right in saying the emigrants have produced more than they have consumed. But as the country is becoming crowded, the cost of privacy and order rises and the advantage of additions to population diminishes. Moreover, our rate of natural increase is such that even without immigration, additions to population are becoming disadvantageous. At any rate, if we have to choose, I think people have a right to prefer limiting immigration rather than offspring. (I would favor limiting both.)

The Liberal principle on which Professor Hirshleifer rests his argument requires that as a group we neither prefer ourselves nor those with whom we identify, though as individuals we are free to follow self-interest. This is too narrow and contradictory an argument for my taste. Indians were too weak to restrict immigration. I think we should learn from their experience and cease being *doctrinaire* Liberals, if we don't want to share their fate.

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Tabletalk

In my recent verse offering on saucy eating for Liberals [Sept. 21] that second line should end as stomic's (not atomic's), of course. *Appetits vient en mangeant.*

London JOHANNES EFF

Liberty Lobby

Shame on NATIONAL REVIEW for not giving credit to Liberty Lobby in the pigeonholing of the infamous Consular Treaty. You did name certain senators and journalist David Lawrence, but there can be little doubt that the flood of letters and telegrams from the heart of Liberty Lobby's 160,000-strong mailing list was a powerful, perhaps deciding, factor, as even such Liberal outposts as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* were to admit.

San Francisco, Cal. J. L. SHARP

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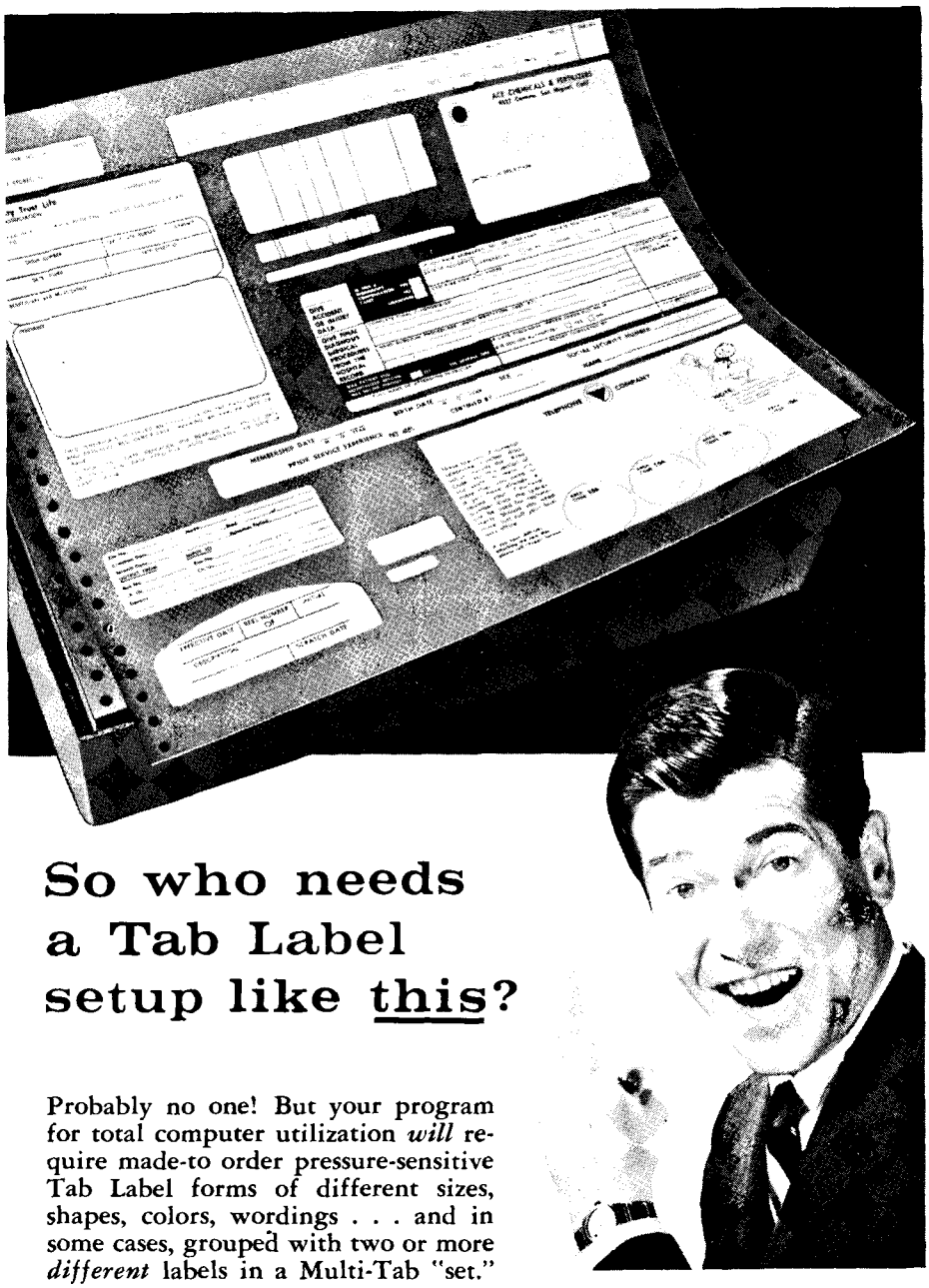

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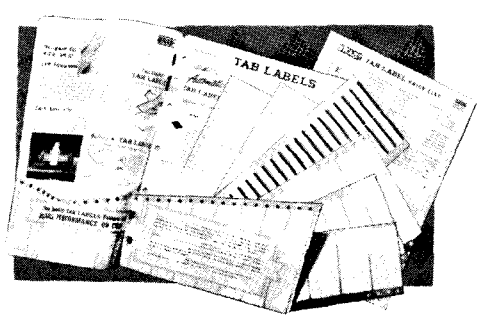

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

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A. His wife could eat no lean (2 wds.)	154 170 57 17 45 141 119 187 91
B. Popeye's lady friend (2 wds.)	5 33 1 75 50 110 92 37
C. Branch of jurisprudence which is hard to keep abreast of (2 wds.)	24 152 80 128 34 62 52 172 46 146 42
D. String of jewels or beads	41 38 122 20 69 81 144 89
E. Type of hood	59 98 47 23 14 53 136 156
F. What many have substituted for a spine	129 64 95 43 166 54 27 15
G. British general (1795-1857)	150 104 99 167 70 44 182 83
H. Amount or value of property above total of liens or charges	163 87 55 72 6 28
I. Means of escape	185 143 155 108 102 93 112 100
J. To exact satisfaction for	2 117 103 73 66 109
K. Irritates	22 76 35 48 139 113 4
L. 480, 500, or 516 sheets	51 120 153 3
M. Pleasing or sweet sound	74 124 184 180 133 65 140

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Mental preoccupation	126 183 30 137 169 130 36
O. Right of succession or future possession or enjoyment	142 151 160 186 77 16 7 131 121
P. Extent of a vibratory movement, as of a pendulum	168 29 67 145 114 56 18 10 116
Q. What possession is of the law (2 wds.)	97 147 115 189 111 58 171 125 158 78
R. Type of raisin	138 79 118 60 19 127 82 173
S. One who anticipates the best possible outcome	165 132 162 21 39 84 190 174
T. American motion-picture producer (1875-1948)	86 8 96 12 107 181 178 49
U. Where many farmers get their mail (2 wds.)	105 11 31 175 9 164 179 68
V. A famous writer or writers	177 25 106 94 159 134 123 61 188
W. Battle (1778), American Revolution	191 26 85 148 161 88 13 176
X. What Cinderella was, relatively speaking	71 149 192 135 32 157 90 63 40 101

See page 996 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 B		2 J	3 L		4 K	5 B		6 H	7 O	8 T	9 U	10 P			
11 U	12 T		13 W	14 E	15 F		16 O	17 A	18 P	19 R	20 D	21 S	22 K	23 E		24 C		
25 V	26 W	27 F	28 H	29 P	30 N	31 U	32 X		33 B	34 C	35 K	36 N	37 B	38 D		39 S		
40 X	41 D		42 C	43 F	44 G		45 A	46 C	47 E	48 K	49 T	50 B	51 L		52 C	53 E		
54 F	55 H	56 P		57 A	58 Q	59 E	60 R	61 V	62 C	63 X	64 F	65 M	66 J		67 P	68 U		
69 D	70 G	71 X		72 H		73 J	74 M	75 B	76 K	77 O		78 Q	79 R	80 C		81 D		
82 R	83 G	84 S	85 W	86 T		87 H	88 W	89 D	90 X	91 A	92 B	93 I	94 V	95 F		96 T		
	97 Q	98 E	99 G	100I	101X		102I	103J	104G	105U		106V	107T		108I	109J		
110B	111Q	112I	113K		114P		115Q	116P	117J	118R	119A		120L	121O	122D	123V		
124M	125Q	126N	127R	128C		129F	130N	131O		132S	133M	134V	135X	136E	137N	138R		
139K	140M		141A	142O	143I	144D	145P	146C	147Q	148W		149X	150G	151O		152C		
153L	154A	155I	156E	157X	158Q	159V		160O	161W	162S	163H		164U	165S		166F		
167G		168P	169N	170A	171Q	172C	173R	174S		175U	176W	177V	178I		179U	180M		
181T	182G	183N		184M	185I	186O	187A	188V	189Q	190S		191W	192X					

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For The Record

Sen. Thomas Dodd blistered Secretaries Rusk, McNamara and Connor last week for their public attack on Young Americans for Freedom. The Administration leaders said YAF was going "counter to U.S. foreign policy" when it attempted to dissuade certain tobacco companies from buying Yugoslav tobacco. Dodd pointed out that a buyer's boycott is the right of any citizen. And by the way, what's so sacrosanct about U.S. foreign policy, asked Dodd, that it shouldn't be criticized? . . . What d'you know: In early October, O. Edmund Clubb, one of the State Department Mao-is-an-agrarian-reformer clique of the late forties, came back into limelight as book reviewer for the Sunday Herald Tribune. Later that month (Oct. 24) he turned up as one of three featured speakers in NYC rally sponsored by Americans for Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy (read it: Get US out of Vietnam; get Red China into UN).

More card-tearing: Bertrand Russell last week publicly tore up his Labor Party card after 51 years of membership in protest against "government complacency over Vietnam atrocities." . . . Got everyone buzzing, rumors that staid London Times plans to change its format, run news on its front page. . . . Another journalistic Shock-of-the-Month, George Lichtheim's powerful attack on N.Y. Times (particularly its foreign coverage) in Sept. Commentary.

Rep. Wm. Fitts Ryan (defeated in NYC Democratic primary by Abraham Beame) doing much breast-beating about whom he can support in race, but his troops are, to a man, working for John Lindsay. . . . Revealed in published list of Lindsay contributors, a sizable donation by Lyle Stuart, who is described by N.Y. Times (Sept. 1) as "a publisher of sex-technique manuals and earthy novels and a former treasurer of the now defunct Fair Play for Cuba Committee." . . . Another FPfCC alumnus, the Rev. Donald Harrington of the Community Church, has thrown his support to Lindsay.

Latest unconfirmed report on Che Guevara, carried in Mexico City's Excelsior, says he has had nervous breakdown, is being treated in a Mexico City sanitarium. . . . Cheddi Jagan, the pro-Communist ex-Prime Minister of British Guiana, has been refused visa to lecture in the United States. . . . On last visit to Budapest, Cardinal Koenig called on Cardinal Mindszenty, presented him with a gold chalice from Pope Paul to commemorate 50th anniversary of his ordination. . . . Much ballyhooed Concordat between Vatican and Hungarian government has gone sour with recent crackdown on seminaries and arrest of seven priests.

Daily Mail, England — Ben Roth Agency

After surveying the Great Society in action all year, Rep. Otto Passman (D., La.) has concluded: "Never in the history of America has it been proposed to take away so much from so many to do so little for so few."

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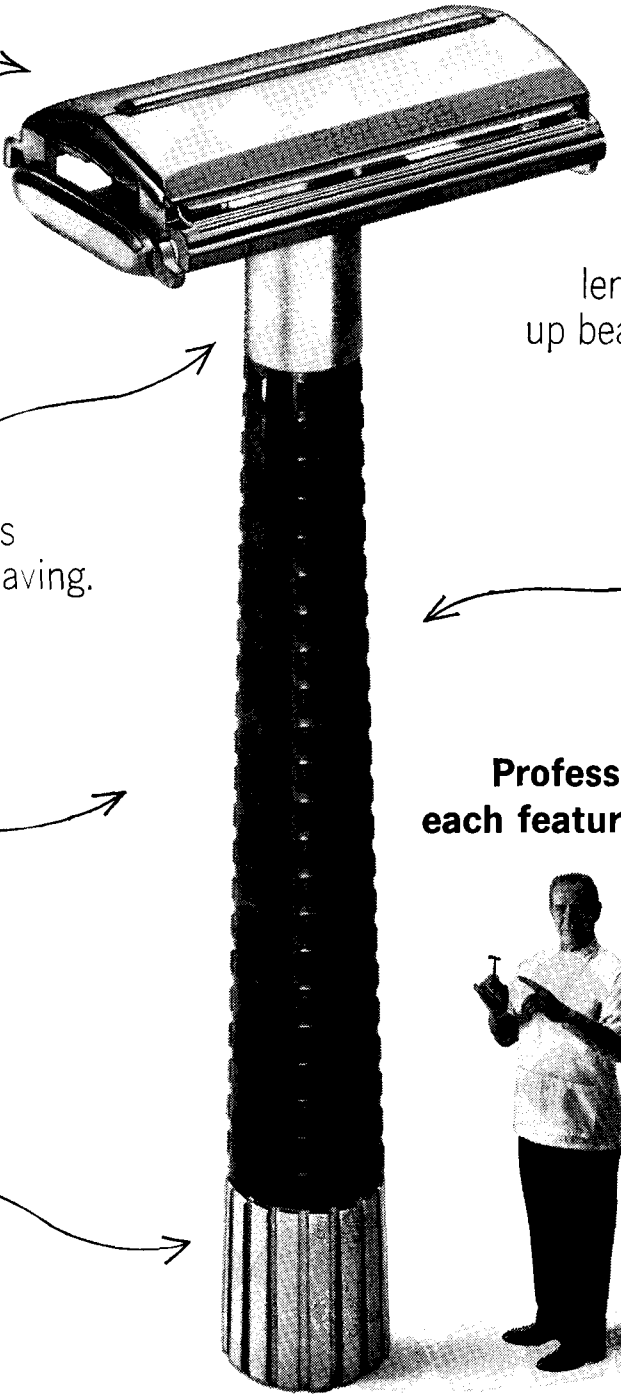
Introducing-the all new double edge razor by Schick



New thin head—tapered to set shaving angle just right.

New patented guard bar with lengthwise grooves—sets up beard, helps protect skin.

New narrow neck—helps you see where you're shaving.

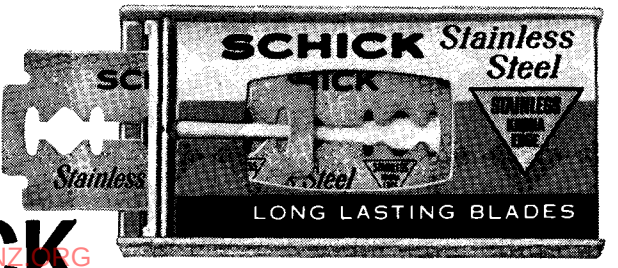
New long tapered handle—fits all four fingers for sure control.

New non-skid grip with big, sturdy studs.

Professional barbers tested each feature. Their verdict: the new shape, size, heft give better control; help give you a better shave.

New positive lock—no rattle or loose blades.

Complete with Schick Stainless Steel Blades in compact travel case **$1.**
New from those new-thinking folks at **SCHICK**



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